THE

NEW REVIEW.

No. 43.—DECEMBER, 1892.

HIS LAST CAMPAIGN, AND AFTER.

THANKS to the enterprise of an American editor, we were lately presented with a picture of Mr. Gladstone seated before a biography of himself, pen in hand wherewith to correct the tale, and his head full of memories of all that he had been from his grave and reverend childhood. There is no accounting for fancies. As soon as my mind's eye rested on that grey figure so employed, the same internal faculty of vision gave him a companion. The complete picture was this. Night; a firelit room, with dusky shadows held back at no great distance from the hearth; a shaded lamp on a centre table where the great Minister sat—the low concentred rays from the lamp falling on what he read, and on the art-craftsman fingers that held the pen or turned the pages; but not on the reader's face higher than the lips. By the fire an easy chair, out of the range of his sight; and therein sat the other figure watching him unseen. The other figure—it was the William Ewart Gladstone of five and forty years since or thereabout, precisely as depicted in a print of the period. The same high-collared vestments, the same volume of black neckerchief negligently tied in a little knot, the same abundance of dark hair concealing alike the largeness and the lowness of the most speaking head in Britain; and, above all, the same look of attention, chin on hand. The elder Mr. Gladstone reads and scribbles on the proof-sheets before him, much absorbed and keenly careful. He writes that as a child he did *not* sit at the feet of Mr. Canning while the great Anti-Jacobin meditated on the policy of the country. "Mr. Canning took very marked notice of an elder brother of mine, but none whatever of me." That he was a Conservative once, and even "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," must also be corrected. While the younger Mr. Gladstone looks

knowingly on, the elder one sets the art-craftsman fingers to work again and writes, "This is admitted by himself with respect to ecclesiastical questions, but as to other matters he considers it as untrue, and contradicted by the tenor of his early speeches." On the whole, he prefers to put the matter this way: "He did not then understand the value of liberty for its own sake as a principle of human action, and as a necessary condition of all high political excellence." Oxford did not teach him any such lesson, and it is right that his biographer should record the fact; but another ought not to be omitted: "Oxford taught him to value truth, and to follow it at all costs and hazards."

So the elder Mr. Gladstone proceeds; the younger one, who came to an end more than fifty years ago and has no responsibility for the aged statesman at the table, looking on with a curiously critical and wondering gaze. A mournful gaze, too, as of one who should say, "That there should have been that in me to come to this! All this exuberant tortuosity of growth on a lower and a lower plane, decade after decade, instead of the expansion and ascent that might have been! *These* were to be my developments; and the end of them?—to all appearance, extinction in a morass of trouble." Upon this you may fancy the elder Mr. Gladstone turning from his task, catching sight for a moment of the man he once was, reading in that much milder face the scornful disappointment there, dismissing the vision at once as ridiculous and unwarrantable, but nevertheless giving himself up to a few appropriate reflections.

But that, perhaps, is a too extravagant fancy. In the case of any other man whose life is busied with public affairs, it never occurs to us to doubt that he sometimes examines his past conduct for error, and that whenever he finds himself guilty he gives to his mistake due heed and recognition. But so exceptional a mind is Mr. Gladstone's that neither friend nor foe can imagine him doing anything of the kind. The retrospect that neighbours remorse has no invitations for him. Whenever he looks back it is only for some weapon useful to-day, or some justification of what half the world will think strangely wrong to-morrow. There are two totally different conceptions of his very remarkable character; both are held with unexampled confidence as complete; but neither conception admits as in the least degree likely that he ever gave an evening's thought to the wrong he may have done, inconsiderately or otherwise. Therefore we can carry our fancy no

farther. It is within the scope of poetic licence to imagine everything else, down to the point where the younger Mr. Gladstone sheds a glance of discontent upon the elder Mr. Gladstone; but as to the latter's sitting down to the appropriate reflections thereupon, it is not in nature.

And save as he may be concerned about his own posthumous reputation, such reflections would come too late nowadays to be of any profit. If, by Heaven's grace, he were forced upon the retrospective track, he might, indeed, repent him a little, and his repentance, if known, would add a pathetic and conciliating chapter to his history. But he could not afford to make it known in his lifetime. Public knowledge of even so much as a doubt would not only be to him an unendurable humiliation, but would cripple him for his last piece of work which he thinks the greatest. And for us it would be quite unavailing. The mischief he has done has the terrible distinction of being irremediable. Vast as his influence still is, even he could not undo it now. It is not only what has been destroyed: what has been advanced and exalted is yet more. It would be easier to forgive the past if it did not so palpably extend into the future; so that (for example) when Mr. Gladstone's worshippers express surprise, as many do, that we fail to see in him a genuine Conservative, they only mean that Robin Hood is too gentle and discreet to sanction all that some members of his band are capable of. "You who revile him, wait till he is gone! Then your eyes will be opened, and you will learn by the activity of his heirs and successors how much of a Conservative our Leader is, and how much you ought to feel obliged to him." No doubt we shall; but our obligations and their peculiar character are already plain enough without more light. We quite understand Mr. Gladstone's Conservatism, and can thank him for the restraint he imposes on his heirs and successors; but it is just when we contemplate his heirs and successors that we are most conscious of the ills he has brought upon the country. Repentance is not in his nature. Certain qualities essential to repentance have no place in his mind; but could he repent, small would be our profit. It would be gracious in him to ask pardon for the terrible misuse of his gifts and influences; but he would still leave us amidst the ruins of what he has destroyed, and to the irruption of more mischief when he is taken away. It is mischief of his own providing or permitting—reserve mischief in an accumulating fund; but yet it is true that he holds it back. That is what is meant by his Conservatism. He can only lead upon one line of destruction, and

is therefore conservatively unwilling to encourage any divergence of force unless it be into channels contributing to that line.

But when he is taken away——

We must needs enter on the speculation which those words naturally preface; but there is something ugly about them, for which, however, a word may be said in palliation as well as apology. Good and wise men have been execrated by their neighbours before now, as Mr. Gladstone has a right to remember and we none to forget. But no man knows better than he the perfections of Christian feeling, and therefore one can but think that if he ever regretted anything of his own contrivance he would be sorry that he had not managed the work of a reforming statesman without kindling so much of evil passion in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Of course the fuel was already there. He is not responsible for that; and, moreover, though some do make a difference between a righteous and an unrighteous hatred, it is a difference of no application where hate runs to the length of wishing a reforming statesman dead. That is a terrible excess, and worse than indefensible; yet who that knows the animosities which Mr. Gladstone has aroused in England can deny that they are often and often expressed in that awful wish? It is true; his friends and lovers are right in saying it is true; and I am with them when they further say that it is a dreadful and ignoble thing.

But that is only one side of the matter. The depravity does not quite excuse the depraver, however justly his friends may be shocked at it. Besides the hatred that can rise to so terrible an expression there is the kindler of the hate; and there is also the fact that it exists in more or less of bitterness amongst tens of thousands of men who live kindly lives, who have no such rancour against any other creature, who are provoked to it, according to the testimony of their consciences, by love of country, anxiety at the spread of pernicious influences, and detestation of ill-doing. Who will say that when they go to such extremes as to wish him out of the world their very passion is not an accusation against him? It certainly seems to me that it is; and that just as the exercise of a balefully-misleading influence over half the country, drawing love, may be laid to his account, so also may the rousing of a fierce, untoward spirit of hate in the other half. Not only by act and deed has his existence been a misfortune for England—in nearly every sense it has been demoralisation.

And yet it remains true that at the present moment, and as matters

stand, Mr. Gladstone really is a staying force against the tumultuous confusions he has prepared for us as a legacy, and therefore it should be wished that he may have health and strength to go on with his Home Rule projects till they are quite broken down. Since he has got a Parliamentary majority, and one that both he and his friends insist was returned upon the Irish question, it is not only a kindly but a politic desire that he should carry that question through to the end with no abatement of physical or intellectual vigour. It is well on all accounts that the utmost should be made of the most ingenious Home Rule plans that can be devised (namely, his own) by the most powerful advocacy that any British mind can supply. Now that we have come to this point, let us have against us, or on behalf of Home Rule for Ireland, all that Mr. Gladstone's subtlety, ingenuity, and force can urge at their highest, so that when the contest is over there shall be no mourning for the victory that would have been but for the ravage that time makes on the noblest powers. We should wish for more than that. We should wish—firstly, that the Bill which Mr. Gladstone is now planning should be defeated, not on an enfeebled defence, but on the strongest conceivable; and next, that he should himself be able to conduct the further proceedings with unimpaired vigour. My own hope is that it will be left to no one else to settle, for example, whether there should be another appeal to Parliament in case of a House of Lords defeat, or whether a direct assault should be made on the Upper House with intent to sweep it away altogether. If that attack is to be tried, let him that is strongest try it; so that he who is strongest, and no other, may be broken in the attempt.

Another though a subsidiary reason for wishing Mr. Gladstone all the vigour he can hope for himself till the Home Rule question is settled is this: Unless he should resolve next autumn to turn Mr. Harrison's sweeps into the House of Lords, or command the soldiery to close that chamber, the disposal of the question will take a long time; and as long as it lies in Mr. Gladstone's hands his peculiar conservatism may be expected to continue. Very much because they expect it to continue, it is agreed amongst the more advanced of Mr. Gladstone's comrades that little can be done to promote Prudhon legislation in England till Home Rule is out of the way. If they are right, delay of the Irish question will give the majority of Englishmen (who are neither professional politicians, nor climbing agitators, nor mooning Socialists) a prolonged opportunity of considering whether they really

think it is too much trouble to resist the new doctrine. It is possible, too, that the nearer approach of the Great War may suggest to our Sir John Gorsts as well as to the Englishman in such reformers as Mr. Burns, that some times are more appropriate than others for the advancement of social revolution. They have heard, no doubt, that the continental Anarchists—who are all one brotherhood, and are prepared to work together without the least regard for what some call national prejudice and others patriotic feeling—look to the much-dreaded war as a grand opportunity for dynamite demonstrations in all the European capitals. But it does not seem to have occurred to them as yet that social disturbance in England offers a delicious prospect to the despotism that is our most dangerous enemy. There is not a capitalist in Europe more willing to subsidise Sir John Gorst and the Social Democratic Federation than his Majesty of Russia.

But whatever the wish that Mr. Gladstone may remain the effective head of his party for years to come, playing his game out to the end in undeniable health and strength, it is unfortunately not a wish that can be cherished with confidence; and therefore it should be no surprise if nominally, and actually so far as a vast deal of the burden of business is concerned, Mr. Gladstone ceases to be Prime Minister soon after the re-opening of Parliament. If for no other reason than that which determines a wise general to keep out of rifle range, Mr. Gladstone must husband his strength. What he conceives to be his public duty coincides with his duty to himself and to those that people his home; and not to husband his strength would be a kind of suicide without any of the excuses of self-destruction. Let us see how matters stand with him. Is there to be a Home Rule Bill? If so, it will be a Bill that he himself must fight at all points if it is to go through the House of Commons, if it is to pass by a majority that will justify Lord Kimberley in pressing it on the House of Lords, and if its author wishes to avoid denunciation from the Irish benches as guilty of fraudulent trifling. As to that, however, pride in this famous piece of work, jealousy of it as his very own, will oblige Mr. Gladstone to fight the Bill through with his own hand, taking as little assistance as possible from colleagues who are nearly as sick of the subject as other people. But what labour it will be! Though Mr. Gladstones's adversaries on the Unionist side of the House must naturally shrink from harassing a man so aged, whatever vigour he may exhibit, they are bound to use against him every lawful weapon;

and then the Parnellite Irish! To meet an opposition like that which will be arrayed against him he must be ever alert and "on the spot." It will be no affair of making a speech once or twice a week before the dinner-hour, with retirement to the serenity of the domestic hearth when the last word is uttered. On the nights when the Bill is in grand debate, or in Committee, its inventor and only authoritative director and expounder must be in close attendance; and, generally speaking, his presence in the House will be more necessary during the later hours of the evening than the earlier. It will be especially necessary because the meagreness of his majority opens him to a danger—the danger of surprise from amendments—for which he must be ever watchful. The coldness of temper that so often comes with age is one of its few defences; but it has not come to Mr. Gladstone (as we saw the other day when some Scotch gentleman put a question to him as a candidate for re-election in Midlothian), who is by so much the more liable to the fatigues of excitement. And small as his majority is, it may suddenly fall to nothing by what will seem to him an intensely exasperating display of ingratitude on the Irish benches.

Clearly, then, this Bill and the conduct of it in the House of Commons will be tax enough on Mr. Gladstone's energies; and they must not be all expended in the first effort, or what will sustain him when that conflict with the House of Lords takes place which he himself expects? But as Prime Minister he has other duties, other occupations, other calls upon his time and strength; and it is too much to believe him equal to them all. He is Leader of the House of Commons also; and though on ordinary occasions Sir William Harcourt will undertake the labours of that position, Mr. Gladstone can never be in the House without appeal to himself as its Leader, and (on every variety of subject, present and prospective) as head of the Government. As both he will be questioned; as both he will have to submit to ordeal by deputation in extra-Parliamentary hours, which at once raises another point. While past the time when a man with a Home Rule Bill on his hands can afford to be badgered about anything else, the badgering which Mr. Gladstone will have to endure from Mr. Labouchere and the like will relate to matters that no longer concern him. If they are old, he has done with them; if they are new, they are for other men and future times. To be sure, he discriminates. Is there a popular move that will help him to shatter, smash, and pulverise the opponents of Home Rule?

Very well—hither with it! That is indeed within the scope of the one remaining purpose of his political life. Have you there any proposal that detracts from the importance of Home Rule, or competes with it, or would postpone it, or would seem to belittle that project? Away with it!—and yet to cry "Away with it" may create enemies. That is Mr. Gladstone's position, and it is hardly a sustainable one. Were he a younger man it would be difficult; as it is, and considering that he is surrounded by two or three factions, each preparing for the future that will come after him, it is suggestive of caves and cabals, threatening a loss of peace which to a man of Mr. Gladstone's age might prove worse. It is only natural, then, that the more solicitous of his personal friends should dread the combination of the responsibilities of the Premiership, the labour and excitement of Home Rule contention, and the worry of trapping interrogation on this question, that question, this policy, that policy—especially when he has washed his hands of all such problems, and prefers leaving them to the younger statesmanship that is kicking against his heels. Yet there is only one effective way of escape from a crush of labour which seems hardly endurable, and might even be destructive; and that is by resigning the Premiership.

It seems a startling suggestion, but we may safely assume that it is not unfamiliar to Mr. Gladstone's friends. That it would be by far the wisest course for him to take is obvious. What would he lose? Dignity? Not at all. With the triumph of his party he took once more the highest place in his country's service, and there he is; and should he resign that great place three months hence, the better to do the only piece of work that keeps him in the arena of public life, it will be no stepping down but only a step aside. Power? His power would be quite unimpaired. First Minister of the Crown or not, his word would be equally authoritative in the country; and it need hardly be said that no matter where Mr. Gladstone sat in the Cabinet he would still be its master and dominate its counsels. On the other hand, he would at once obtain release from tiresome duties and vexing obligations, as well as from responsibilities that look forward to a time beyond his ken. Egyptian occupation, Afghan-Russian disturbances—he has had enough of them, and is virtually done with all that. The new Labour Questions are too green for his interference, and are the rightful business of greener politicians. Transferring himself to some modest, unlaborious department of State, he could devote himself to Home Rule business (which is enough) with the utmost economy of health, strength

and temper. He need only appear in the House of Commons when that business was afoot, and, when there, could not be troubled with questionings and badgerings which either the Leader of the House or the Prime Minister should properly reply to. He would be much farther out of Mr. Labouchere's reach, for example, and he would be spared nearly all deputation wear-and-tear and the like. And still, as I have said, it would be a Gladstone Cabinet; and probably a Gladstone Cabinet much longer than if its chief imposed upon his declining strength the multifarious obligations of leadership in addition to the enormous strain of fighting the Home Rule Bill.

When these considerations have been duly weighed, it will no longer be surprising if Mr. Gladstone ceases to be Prime Minister soon after Parliament meets. Under any circumstances it was of course politic, as well as a natural point of pride, that he should not only choose the new Administration but remain at its head for a time; that is to say, for as long a time as was needed to decide upon the general course of policy which the Government should take, to settle the order of its measures, to give the Irish Bill definite shape, and formally to meet the new Parliament. But more than this was never necessary to satisfy Mr. Gladstone's ambition or prerogative, while his continuance at the head and stress of affairs after all this has been done is a personal danger, and therefore might possibly portend a precipitation of trouble for the Government itself. On that account it is a reasonable surmise that the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from the most arduous and exposed position in the Government when the Irish business begins to weigh upon his hands was not neglected at the time the new Government was formed. It is mere speculation, of course, but yet more unlikely things have happened than that the palpable reluctance of Lord Rosebery to join the new Administration had its origin in that very fact. I do not say it had, knowing nothing about it. Surmise, speculation, is the word; but it may at least amuse the reader of this article to follow the lines on which the speculation runs.

We have seen how wise it would be for Mr. Gladstone to limit his labours after a time to what he is pledged to do with both hands; and when we say wise for Mr. Gladstone we also say precautionary for the party's sake, because the hazard to him is a hazard for it: he keeps it together. Suppose that to be his design, then, or a probable intention, or a likely consequence, it would be necessary to consider who should take his place. That question again brings up the fact that the party

behind Mr. Gladstone is not strictly homogeneous, whether we look to the leaders or the led. Amongst the latter there are two or three distinct groups, or the ready makings of factional opposites. Amongst the former there are rivalries—rivalries strong though latent, as may be supposed from a near equality of standing, a parity of ambition, a difference of character, and a prospect of opportunity in various directions when the break-up occurs which Mr. Chamberlain calculates on as a certain consequence of Mr. Gladstone's disappearance from public life. (Mr. Chamberlain is only mentioned as the best authority in such matters.) Next in importance to that event, to the rivals, would be the choice of a successor in the Premiership at Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, and while he still remained a Cabinet Minister. Obviously, the whole future of leadership, personal and factional, might be determined by the selection; or determined for many a year, at any rate.

If now we look to the field of choice for such an appointment, we see, firstly, that it does not lie in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt may be Prime Minister some day, but not yet, and not while Mr. Gladstone lives in the same House. All we can say about him in this connection is, that he is naturally and blamelessly interested in not having the way blocked too heavily; which, however, it very conceivably might be. It is to the Upper House that we must look for the field of selection. Now, suppose it should seem to Mr. Gladstone that more or less of a figure-head Prime Minister should be chosen. It is not at all unlikely that he would think so; and it is absolutely certain that none of the captains of the House of Commons—neither Sir William Harcourt, nor Mr. Morley, nor Mr. Labouchere, nor anyone else—would be content with anything *but* a figure-head Prime Minister under such conditions. An able man like Lord Rosebery, for example, especially if he were at the same time young, popular, experienced, self-reliant, and as capable of mastery as themselves, might indeed be a block complete to various ambitions; and it is also probable that he would not be found very amenable to management by the House of Commons leaders of either one sort or another when their chief retired.

But suppose such a man as Lord Spencer chosen (and I mention Lord Spencer because it was said when the new Cabinet was being formed that the first place would be his before long)—and the case would be altered entirely. It would be altered in such a way as to leave Mr. Gladstone in a position of obvious as well as actual mastery in the Cabinet while he remained there—which is one thing, and not a

thing that could displease Mr. Gladstone; but for another, such an arrangement would put the House of Commons captains, after his time, in the same managing position. Very well: that is to say, very well for them. But if Lord Rosebery happened to have an inkling of this programme he could not have liked it; and if, disliking the programme, he resolved not to fall in with it, his ability and popularity are great enough to absolve him from reproach on that account.

The argument is clear. It may be all very well to be Foreign Secretary under Mr. Gladstone (when Mr. Gladstone is less disposed to meddle with foreign affairs), but it could not be tempting for a man of Lord Rosebery's eminence to remain Foreign Secretary under a figure-head Prime Minister, wired and worked by his nominators in the House of Commons on Mr. Gladstone's retirement. Even if the foremost of those gentlemen had not their own peculiar views about Egypt, our African possessions, the Triple Alliance, and other high matters, the Foreign Secretaryship would still be very unattractive under such conditions; but since we know they do hold those peculiar views, Lord Rosebery's refusal to take the post would be the most natural thing in the world. To be sure, he could have resigned it again on the appearance of the figure-head Prime Minister, or on the figure-head's continuance in office after Mr. Gladstone had ended his day's work; but a careful man does not take office with the risk of being compelled to resign it before long in circumstances that might expose him to misconception and misrepresentation. Better to stand out awhile.

Now, whatever the facts of the case, it was Lord Rosebery's determination to stand out; with the plain result that, supposing the existence of the aforesaid programme, there is now an end of it. Not, of course, that the wisdom of redeeming Mr. Gladstone from the mischances of overwork is affected in the least; and even that is not all that must be thought of. Considering the general position of the Liberal party, and considering what its confusions are likely to be by-and-bye, it is obviously judicious to provide betimes for an easy and tranquil devolution of office whenever the day comes for Mr. Gladstone to give up. But as one result of Lord Rosebery's long-continued refusal to join the present Administration, the "sense of the country" has virtually decided that matter in its own way. There will be no figure-head Prime Minister for the Liberal party without Lord Rosebery's consent; and no satisfactory successor to Mr. Gladstone but Lord Rosebery himself. The cry for him when he still held off was so loud,

so general, so impatient that none of his colleagues can doubt what his position is amongst them in the eyes of the country in general and his party in particular.

It will be a pity if this demonstration, so decisively significant, should upset the design which we have attributed to Mr. Gladstone—of course, hypothetically; nor is there any apparent reason why it should do so. Not to speak of Sir Andrew Clark, who is probably the best friend Mr. Gladstone has in the world out of his own household, there can hardly be one of his unprofessional supporters who would not rejoice to hear that he proposed to divest himself of every political duty except that which of itself may be too much for him; while as for his professional and Parliamentary supporters, they would equally rejoice—all but certain spirits in the House of Commons, perhaps, who are as impatient for the break-up as Mr. Chamberlain himself. Though there can scarcely be a doubt now about Mr. Gladstone's successor when he quite puts off official life, more than one sufficing reason can be imagined against Lord Rosebery's induction into the Premiership before that event. There are Mr. Gladstone's own feelings in the first place; in the next place the feelings of some of his colleagues; with other things of equal moment. Evidently a figure-head Prime Minister would still be the most convenient choice for the occasion; and so many men competent for the position are counted amongst Mr. Gladstone's most devoted friends that there ought to be no difficulty in finding one ready to take it on the necessary understanding. Lord Spencer himself is as sincerely devoted as any, he has never been suspected of ulterior ambitions, and the service of his friend and his party is so dear to him that he would almost certainly consent to play the part on an understanding that he must by-and-bye give place to Lord Rosebery. It would be a gracious thing to do, and no one could do it more completely to the satisfaction of all concerned. Moreover, it would be no real sacrifice, considering the turn that affairs have taken. The discovery that Lord Rosebery cannot be kept out of the succession to the Premiership, supposing him resolutely desirous of the honour, settles a good deal.

But Mr. Gladstone has not done with us yet, and in pursuit of an object which can have no remaining charm but the charm of accomplishment he may still add so much to the troubles he will leave behind him that no Rosebery and no Hartington could hope to deal with them. The *post obits* which he has paid out to political corruption and social

anarchy have not exhausted his readiness of production—of that we may be sure; and, even as the account stands, it is too probable by far that on the day when the Liberal party has no Mr. Gladstone at its head it will fall to pieces in violent confusion. Every provision for that result was made in 1886. There was one great convulsion then; but we shall probably find that it was neither the last nor the greatest. The first visible effect of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary conduct at that time was to split his party asunder, to his own defeat and humiliation as its chief. Since then, however, he has recovered from that damage by a great deal—a personal advantage which a few friends and adherents may share, but which goes no further. For since then the double consequence of the "split" has been mischief working in one section of the divided party—called Gladstonian—and mischief working by and through the other—called Liberal Unionist. As we shall presently see, this mischief is precisely the same in kind, and is well understood to be so by every clear-sighted politician; but the extent of it, the volume of it, will not be visible till it comes into full action, as it will not till Mr. Gladstone and his peculiar Conservatism are withdrawn from public affairs. But when that happens, then a second convulsion may be expected, in which all the unhappy consequences of the falling Minister's apostasy will appear. Delivered from such a quarter, so sudden an act of apostasy would have been a blow to principle, however Mr. Gladstone chose to proceed upon it; but, accompanied by the promulgation and practice of the doctrine that lawlessness may be bribed and bargained with by a party in difficulties, a disturbing error became a deadly one, was soon carried far beyond the occasion, and has since infected politicians who are not Gladstonians.

As for that party, the mischief imported into it was a pandering to revolutionary sentiment, by which alone it could be nursed into a majority. Mr. Gladstone is no social revolutionist by conviction; but to convert his meagre majority into the stronger force there was but one way. This was to smile upon every body of faddists who could be tempted to join by half-promises of official support, and to recruit his meagre ranks by friendship with the promoters of social revolution. No doubt this was managed more by his lieutenants than by himself personally. But it was done; and the faddists and revolutionists are now in quiet possession, only awaiting the time when they shall rise and declare themselves the Liberal Party. As for the other section of the old Gladstonians—the Liberal Unionists—they have adopted precisely

the same tactics, with the same design: namely, of rising when the time comes to declare themselves the true People's Party. Under Mr. Chamberlain's guidance, and keeping that end in view, this fraction has ostentatiously competed with the Gladstonians for the favours of revolutionary Socialism—thereby giving to its gospel a vogue and a strength which it could not have gained otherwise in so short a time. And this is not all. The same little group of politicians, working on the party-fears (no other) of the Conservative leaders, has brought them also into the market with large parcels of Socialist legislation for sale. That is the enormous mischief which has been done by and through the Radical Unionists.

Surely nobody can doubt that when Mr. Chamberlain embarked upon the enterprise—so successfully accomplished—of Radicalising the Tory party, he, too, had an eye on the time when Mr. Gladstone would be no longer in politics. Never for a moment has he ceased to look forward to that day, or to prepare for it as his own great opportunity. Radical in every fibre, he means to be chief of the Popular Party when Mr. Gladstone goes—and means it with all the determination of the Harcourts, Morleys, and Laboucheres that he shall be nothing of the kind. And is there not a Tory Democratic party to join in the *mêlée*—when the time comes? There is, or there is to be; its organisation is now engaging the earnest thought of another little band of spirits which sees "a future" beyond the period of Mr. Gladstone's existence. Thus the imbroglio thickens; and so we may see how probable it is that when Mr. Gladstone's last campaign is over the full effect of that bad day's work of his in 1886 will be witnessed in something like political cataclysm. A general break-up of parties is portended, certainly; break-up amidst a clash of ambitions and a striving of factions which are already preparing for the struggle—and most of them preparing, too, as good though tardily-convinced revolutionists. Sometimes this enchanting future is recommended to us as all in accordance with the natural evolution of society; but that is a mistake. There would have been no such future before us now if Lord Hartington, and not Mr. Gladstone, had been leader of the Liberal party from the year 1880 till to-day.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

MR. IRVING AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

IN an article published last September in the *Contemporary Review* I considered the relation of French acting to English, and pointed out that "nearly all that we dignify with the name of acting in England is merely, at its highest, the acting of carefully educated talent, and not the acting of genius at all." I also spoke at some length of the decline of the art of declamation, and pointed out that whereas the humblest French actor understands something of poetry, and "can recite it with reasonably adequate expression of the author's meaning," not one of our living actors can recite poetry at all..

This article, as might have been expected, brought down upon my head a storm of criticism—some of the sneering sort, some of the savage sort, some of the deprecatory sort. But, on the whole, I found that, at any rate as regards the question of the complete inability of the actors of the present day to recite verse, I was expressing a very general feeling.

To-day I propose to consider, taking the present condition of the English stage as my starting point, what the future of that stage is likely to be.

First of all, is poetry to be banished from the modern stage altogether, or is there likely to be any renaissance of the poetical drama? At one time I should have ardently desired that this latter question might be answered in the affirmative; to-day I should be disposed to hope, in the interests of poetry itself, that such a renaissance may never take place. For, as far as I can see, it could never be anything but a pseudo-renaissance; unless we can vitally alter the character of the English people and divert the stream of their artistic development entirely aside from the channel which it is at present entering, I do not see that we can possibly hope for any true rebirth of the poetical drama. The nearest approach to it which we shall ever arrive at will be the pseudo-poetical drama of the Adelphi and the Princess's. This drama—such as it is—does in fact accurately express the present tastes of the British

democracy; it indicates with scientific precision the exact level which their artistic development has as yet reached; and Mr. Buchanan, Mr. George Sims, and the various writers who cater for the proletariate, were thoroughly in the right when they practically decided (with a keen eye also to their own interest, and who shall blame them for this?) that the British working classes love beyond all things to witness upon the stage endless repetitions of the old story—the story of the seduction of some village maiden by a rascally earl and her recovery and redemption by some strong-armed virtuous blacksmith or carpenter. For that—that, and nothing more—is really the whole gist of the plot of the last twenty or thirty melodramas played at the Princess's and the Adelphi. (The *White Rose* last spring was an exception. Here Mr. Buchanan—somewhat rashly—endeavoured to get off the old beaten track, and to enter the domain of history. He endeavoured to combine amusement with instruction, and to give the pit and gallery a new reading of the character of Cromwell. But he suffered for his rashness. The gods, whose we are and whom we serve, voted the *White Rose* not half so amusing as the *Trumpet Call*, a piece constructed on the good old lines.)

Mr. Buchanan, Mr. George Sims, Sir Augustus Harris, and the rest of the thoughtful caterers who provide what one may call literary grocery for the democracy, are quite right. After all, unless one thoroughly understands the taste of one's customers, and is prepared to go great lengths in order to tickle their palates, what is the use of being a literary grocer at all? They are quite right—the only poetical drama which the democracy cares to witness belongs to that order of art which nightly draws forth such thunders of applause from the pit and gallery of the Adelphi, the Princess's, and Drury Lane. Is not imagination the very soul of poetry? And does not imagination exult at the idea of acres of Treloar's finest matting, painted to an accurate degree of greenness, being laid down on the stage of Drury Lane to represent turf? Does not the heart bound at the thought of a real race-horse—actually a winner in the "Grand National," "ridden by that accomplished rider Mr. Leonard Boyne"—being seen galloping across the stage? Why should we regret mere actors like Macready, Phelps, Edmund Kean, Fechter, or an actress like Mrs. Siddons? They were only reciters—elocutionists and nothing more. They simply recited poetry—but we do better. Sir Augustus Harris, if necessary, will build up a real Parnassus for our eyes to marvel at, with water laid on from actual Pieria, crystal streamlets flowing from the veritable Hippocrene; Mr.

Charles Warner will drive a real four-in-hand for us across the stage; our ballet-girls shall wear (prospective) coronets, and our leading ladies at the pantomime be (actual) countesses! If this sort of thing is not poetry, what *is?* So say the literary grocers. So thunders in reply the responsive and gratified proletariate.

To come now to the chief and most successful purveyor of dramatic grocery, Mr. Henry Irving. I should like in this article to examine his claims to histrionic distinction somewhat more in detail than I was able to do in my last. I there ventured to controvert the popular idea that his "Shakespearian revival" has done wonders for art, but I did not attempt to assign him any definite place among English actors. Let me now say at once that it seems to me almost certain that his true talent lies in the direction of melodramatic acting and not in that of Shakespearian acting at all. How many times must it be pointed out that an actor who has no notion whatever of the music of verse cannot become a successful interpreter of Shakespeare by merely dressing himself up as one of Shakespeare's characters? To interpret Shakespeare upon the stage you must know something of poetry, you must understand and love your author as French actors understand and love Racine and Corneille. But would even the most ardent admirer of Mr. Irving venture to assert that that worthy actor has any real knowledge of poetry as such? If he has, why is he so hard-hearted as to continue year after year delivering the finest lines of Shakespeare, not as if they were verse at all, but as if they were detestably bad prose? For the blank verse of Shakespeare, recited in our modern English manner, is something inconceivably distressing to hear; it is, when so recited, neither verse nor prose, but a horrible mixture of both. Does anyone receive any poetical pleasure from Shakespeare so spoken? Is anyone any the better for it? It would be wiser, far wiser, if Shakespeare is to be acted in modern times, to do away once and for all with the pretence that we are reciting poetry, it would be better to reduce Shakespeare's plays to absolute prose. By acting prose versions of them we should save our greatest poet from desecration; we should save his verse from being reduced to something worse than prose, a metreless, unmusical, shapeless jumble of words and syllables. The dressing-up—which is, after all, the chief point nowadays—could take place all the same; the immense expense of producing the play, which is always a good advertisement for managers, need in no wise be diminished; all the character acting that is now done—there isn't much of it—could still

be done; and, above all, we should get rid of the perfectly groundless notion that when we hear modern actors recite Shakespeare, we are listening to Shakespeare's blank verse.

To return to Mr. Irving. What he has really shown in these twenty years during which he has been prominently before the public is this—first and foremost, an immense, probably an unrivalled, capacity for theatrical management; secondly, a very large melodramatic gift. If he had confined himself to melodramatic acting—possibly diversifying this occasionally with comic acting—his reputation as an actor would, I believe, have stood higher with the best living judges than it does to-day, and his reputation with those who will come after us would have been still more likely to be enhanced. The highest point his genius—I will use the word genius in regard to his melodramatic acting, though in regard to his rendering of poetry nothing shall induce me to use (and profane) the word—the highest point his genius has yet touched was reached when he acted Mathias in the *Bells*. He has done nothing better since, and he has done many things not half so well. The greatest display of histrionic power he has ever given us was, in fact, given about twenty years ago, when for a limited period the *Bells* and *Pickwick* used to be acted at the Lyceum—then, I think, under Mr. Bateman's management—on the same evening, and when Mr. Irving used to appear in rapid succession in the parts of Mathias and Mr. Jingle. That was really a performance of astonishing power and versatility; the sudden transition from the gloomy terror of Mathias to the irrepressible high spirits and reckless humour of Jingle was extremely impressive.

As Joseph Lesurques in the *Lyons Mail* Mr. Irving was also very fine, and in such plays as *Philip* and the *Corsican Brothers* he is at his best. His genius is of a gloomy and sinister order, and it needs gloomy and sinister surroundings: he is most in his element when the action of the piece is very vigorous—when he can fight a duel, or commit a murder, or rifle a coach; he is least in his element when he has to loiter about on the stage, endeavouring to make love or to recite verse. Also, he needs great scope for his powerful individuality—in fact, he is not, properly speaking, a character-actor at all. I have never seen this truth anywhere insisted upon, or even pointed out, but it is a truth none the less, and it is the key to the right understanding of the genius of Irving. He never loses himself in the character he is playing, never *becomes* that character as a great French actor—the elder Coquelin, for

instance—merges his own individuality in that of the character he is impersonating. To succeed upon the stage, Irving must always feel himself to be Irving. This constitutes at once his strength and his weakness. It utterly unfits him for Shakespearian parts, where character-playing is everything. It enables him to triumph in parts where he can give free play to himself, to his strong yearning for violent emotion and swift eager movement; and it may be observed in reference to this that one of the best things he ever did in Shakespeare was the last despairing stand of Macbeth, and he did this well just because for the moment he passed into that condition of excitement and turmoil of spirit which carries him successfully through such parts as that of Mathias and Lesurques.

But Mr. Irving, actor or no actor, has rightly appraised the present condition of British taste. Of that there can be no doubt. His greatness lies in this—not that he understands Shakespeare, but that he thoroughly understands the present mental condition of Shakespeare's countrymen, and knows how to turn that mental condition to account. Mr. Andrew Lang is said to have expressed the opinion that there are not in England at the present time more than two thousand persons capable of the spontaneous enjoyment of true poetry. I hope that things are not quite so bad as that, but Mr. Lang is a good judge in this matter; and it is perfectly clear that if there are only two thousand persons in England at any one time capable of appreciating poetry, we cannot have a poetical drama. Now, it is to Mr. Irving's credit—to the credit of his business capacity—that he has all along realised that there are very few persons left in England who really care for poetry for its own sake, and that if Shakespeare is to be reintroduced to his countrymen he must be sumptuously dressed out and presented to the public, not as a poet, but as the creator of a sort of high-class Madame Tussaud's. That is Shakespeare from the point of view of the Lyceum. And from that point of view the renascent Shakespeare has doubtless been a great success.

To look at the matter from another point of view. Has any one of these writers who have achieved such great popular success—Mr. Sims, Mr. Pettitt, Mr. Jones, Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Herman, &c.—written a single line that will live? Has any of them written a single play that can be *read*, that can endure as literature? That is the real point. Is English dramatic literature any the richer for the countless plays that have been composed by our contemporary writers and produced at various theatres during the last twenty years?

These questions cannot be shirked ; these are the questions that must be answered by those who would maintain that we do in truth possess a contemporary drama.

The plays of contemporary French writers we *can* read ; they can be read with pleasure at home in the study, as well as witnessed with pleasure when produced upon the stage. We can read the plays of Coppée, Théodore de Banville, Musset, Richepin, Sardou, Dumas, Hugo ; but what sane person (with the slightest desire to continue sane) would attempt to read in the quiet of the study the libretto of the *Prodigal Daughter*, or the *Lights of London*, or the *Lights of Home*, or the *Silver King*, or *In the Ranks*, or the *Union Jack*, or *A Million of Money*, or of any of the countless other ephemeral productions that thrill to pity and terror the hearts of our counter-jumpers and their sweethearts? The very names of these productions label them, ticket them, stamp them, indicate their character plainly enough. The very multitude of them—anyone who cares to look through a few back numbers of newspapers may count them almost by the hundred — in itself forbids us to believe that such plays can bear any relation whatever to real art. Great plays are not produced to order, by the hundred, in this way—just as you might produce to order any quantity required of wax dolls or steel pens. Prolific as the Elizabethan age was in dramas of immense value, it was not so prolific as is our age in dramas of unspeakable worthlessness. If, indeed, our contemporary plays had any appreciable value at all, this age might fairly claim to be the greatest dramatic epoch which the world has ever seen, for the number of plays at present produced is so enormous that if even a small proportion of them were really good, we should be compelled to admit that the net amount of dramatic genius at present sown broadcast over London must be unprecedented. However, we are not compelled to admit anything of the kind. All we are compelled to admit is this—that in the present day there are more thoroughly worthless plays produced in London than have ever been produced in any city during any period of the world's history, and that these worthless plays are put upon the stage with more lavish expenditure in dresses, scenery, and decoration than has ever before been known.*

* It is a different matter, when it comes to be a question of adapting comedies and farces from the French. Our authors, if they are bad playwrights, are clever thieves, and if they cannot create, they can steal. Every theatrical season supplies us with abundant evidence of this.

Since writing the above, Mr. Irving's reply to my article has appeared and seems to require a few words of comment. He calls his essay *Some Misconceptions about the Stage*, but no misconception of mine could possibly be greater than his own misconception of my meaning, shown in thinking—if, indeed, he really thinks—that when I said that there should be some real distinction between the recitation of prose and verse upon the stage, I meant that verse should be recited in a sing-song manner—"although the march of Shakespeare's verse should be most delicately preserved, it is 'flat burglary' to demand for it the recitation of Racine. Only bad actors and schoolboys support this dreadful practice." My answer to this is twofold. First of all, the French recitation of verse is *not* sing-song. French actors and actresses hold precisely the opposite opinion to Mr. Irving—they, without exception, hold that poetry on the stage should be treated in a different manner from prose, and when reciting verse, they not only bring out the dramatic force—upon which Mr. Irving insists so much—with ten times the power and ability of any English actor, but they also show their own keen appreciation of the musical rhythm and convey the sense of that music to the hearer. For all this, there is nothing sing-song in their delivery. Moreover, I was not only speaking of Racine and the French classicists. If Mr. Irving thinks it worth while to refer to my article again, he will see that I was speaking also of Hugo and of modern French poets and playwrights. Hugo is the writer who first broke up the "monotony" of the alexandrine—he moves as freely as possibly in its trammels—yet, in reciting Hugo the French not only give us the dramatic force of their author, they give us his splendid music as well. It resolves itself finally very much into a question of ear. If Mr. Irving thinks that Shakespeare's "heart would have leaped with joy" had his ear been stricken and wounded by the present delivery of blank verse at the Lyceum, all I can say is that Mr. Irving's own ear for the music of verse must be very deficient. And this brings me to my second point. Mr. Irving says that "the march of Shakespeare's verse should be most delicately preserved." In this I am entirely at one with him; but my whole contention is that Mr. Irving does *not* "most delicately preserve the march" of Shakespeare's verse, but on the contrary introduces into it a most discordant "march" of his own. If it is "flat burglary" to attempt to recite Shakespeare as the French recite Racine, to recite him in the Lyceum manner is worse than "burglary"—it is arson, murder, and mutilation all in one. The critic of my article in *Black and White* said: "Mr. Barlow's

lament over the English inability to speak verse is, above all, too well founded. The average elocutionist's one idea is to knock both rhyme and metre into a shapeless mass, he then imagines that he has invested a poem or a blank verse passage with indisputable dramatic force." We have now Mr. Irving's categorical statement that he himself adopts and endorses the "shapeless" method of handling verse. "To knock both rhyme and metre into a shapeless mass" is evidently the idea not only of "the average elocutionist," but also, by his own admission, that of our most prominent tragic actor.

Shakespeare, however, regarded as the author of musical verse, is so effectually murdered by this time that perhaps a few stabs more or less are of but little consequence. It was Mr. Irving who began the task of slaughter, but, curiously enough, it was reserved for a woman to deal Shakespeare his death-blow. When Mrs. Langtry decided to treat what is perhaps the very finest passage even in Shakespeare as if it were written in ballad-metre, and to emphasise the "me" in the following lines, delivering them thus :—

> "Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
> Immortal longings in *me :*"

when it came to that, there was little hope left of Shakespeare's recovery. That was about the last straw.

To return once more to Mr. Irving. Having deliberately elected to treat verse as prose, he also deliberately elects to treat acting as largely a pictorial and panoramic art. That is precisely what I surmised that he did, but I did not expect to have the confession from his own lips—the double confession, in fact ; first, that verse is to be recited as prose ; secondly, that the same laws apply to the stage as to painting. He says : "The question of scenery and costume, so persistently raised by certain writers, is to me wearisome in the extreme. *As well find fault with painters for the truthful accessories of their pictures as with a theatrical manager for producing his play with suitable environment.*" I have italicised this wonderful sentence, which does, in fact, contain the gist of the whole matter. Does not Mr. Irving see that it is not a question of merely "producing a play with suitable environment"? That no reasonable critic would object to. The question is as to whether it is artistically allowable to subordinate the entire vital portion of the play—the rendering of character, the delivery of the verse, the expression of emotion—to what he calls "the truthful accessories." If the play is to be regarded solely, or even primarily, as a picture, then no doubt Mr.

Irving is right. But so to regard a play is, from the point of view of poetical art, rank heresy—"flat burglary," as Mr. Irving would say—and I know that I am expressing the feeling of many most careful students of the stage when I say that the present system of subordinating everything to the æsthetic and pictorial *entourage* has lately been carried to an altogether unprecedented and indefensible extent. Does not Mr. Irving understand that the two arts—the histrionic art and the art of painting—have a totally different basis, and that he is here confirming all that I said, and evincing only too clearly that mental confusion which, carried into outward action, has gone far to reduce the Lyceum to the level of a circus? I did not expect him to make the above admission, but, as he has made it, let me point out to him that the difference between his own art and the art of the painter lies in this, that whereas the painter has only brush and pencil to depend upon, whereas his figures must speak through colour and outline or not speak at all, the actor's art is primarily the art of voice, manner, gesture, and only secondarily the art of elaborate robing and of gorgeous scenery. Mr. Irving in the sentence I have quoted in effect concedes all that I am contending for; he gives us the key to the present spectacular degradation of the stage.

In one point I rejoice to find that I can cordially agree with Mr. Irving, and that is as to the undoubted excellence of much of our English comic acting. Mr. Irving says: "At the start I may point out that Mr. Barlow ignores entirely the comedy acting of London, than which none is better." The reason I "ignored" it was simply because in my first article I had no space to deal with it, and I have only space now to say a few words. I will say, however, that the one hope for the future of English acting lies, in my opinion, in the excellence of our comic actors, and that I heartily wish that our mistaken attempts to interpret poetry and express emotion on the stage could be abandoned altogether. In tragedy we are ridiculous; in comedy and farce we are often first-rate. Not one actor among us can recite verse—that I must still maintain—but we possess several comic actors who, were the public more instructed and the conditions more favourable, would be quite as good as any actors among the French. Our actresses, when they try to express emotion upon the stage, fail lamentably; the best are Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, and not one of the three is anything like so good as even Mdlle. Malvau, who acted with M. Coquelin last spring. Miss Terry in the most

emotional scenes never forgets to arrange her dress with her foot, and to project her shoe exactly to the right æsthetic distance. This little weakness is in itself almost enough to negative the possession of genius in the actress who displays it. One can no more fancy Sarah Bernhardt doing such a thing while rapt away by the whirlwind of passion than one could fancy Megæra or Tisiphone pausing in the midst of a storm of fury to arrange a fold of drapery or to fasten the cord of a sandal! For genius is the power of self-abandonment, and in emotional parts our English actresses can display no real self-abandonment—only an hysterical simulation of it. But in comedy it is different. Mrs. John Wood possesses, physiologically, the histrionic temperament which, as I pointed out in my former article, is so rare among Anglo-Saxons, and her abandonment to the waves of comic impulse is the abandonment of genius. Miss Victoria Vokes, too, in happier times, might have become a comic actress as great as any of the French. No one who has seen her since her return from America in *Hubby* and *In Camp* can help deeply regretting that here in England we have no Conservatoire and no strict and definite system of dramatic training. When Fate does deliver genius into our hands, we give it no real scope; we ruin it by affording it no opportunity for developing its higher faculty, and (which is even worse) by persistently applauding its less exalted and more commonplace side.

Again, compare Mr. Charles Wyndham in *David Garrick* and in *Brighton*—in the farce he moves easily and freely, is happy, light-hearted, buoyant, full of real exuberant comic power: in the serious play the English self-consciousness comes over him again—that unfortunate propensity of ours which will always unfit the men of our race for emotional acting—he is stiff, unhappy, doubtful of himself, and, therefore, fails in any real sense to impress and hold his audience. The names of other great English comic actors crowd to the mind—Buckstone, Charles Mathews, Sothern, Righton, Robson—and, among actors whom happily we have still a chance of again witnessing, Mr. Toole, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Terry, Mr. Penley. Let it be some consolation to the ruffled spirit of Mr. Irving that I candidly admit that the names of clever English comic actors are too many to enumerate, and that I wish that he himself had never in an unfortunate moment stumbled up against Shakespeare but had confined himself to that line of work in which his genius is undoubted—to melodrama, namely, and to comedy.

One more word. Mr. Irving, in reply to my question as to whether there is "any living actor among us who could speak seventy-three lines of Shakespeare at a stretch as M. Piron spoke the seventy-three lines of Racine which describe the death of Hippolyte," says: "I believe there are plenty of actors who could speak this number of lines —or twice seventy-three if required. I have known actors speak passages of double that length to audiences who listened with breathless attention." Will Mr. Irving tell me whereabouts in Shakespeare I shall find the "passages" of one hundred and forty-six consecutive lines which *he has known* actors speak to breathless audiences?

GEORGE BARLOW.

THRIFT FOR THE POOR.

I.

THERE are a good many questions concerning the poor, in regard to which the well-to-do are apt to speak without knowledge, and consequently with injustice and even with impertinence. One of these is the question of thrift. It is perceived that many working people are left in age or illness without incomes to live on. It is assumed that they could have provided and ought to have provided such incomes, and that they have not tried to do so. Before making these assumptions it should be asked: Can working people save? Do working people save? Ought working people to save?

I venture to assert boldly: First, that for many working people thrift in any true sense—thrift, that is, which gives any substantial provision for age or infirmity—is absolutely impossible; second, that the proportion of saving to income is higher among working people than among any other class; third, that there are many workers who would do better to spend their money than to save it.

Let us consider, first, the second point, whether workers *do* save. Among the families of very poor workers, whom I have known, I have been struck with the very large proportion of regular subscribers to some sort of benefit, provident, or insurance society. Personal impressions are not, however, sufficiently solid; an examination of particular cases is necessary, and such an examination, on a small scale, lies ready to hand. Mr. Charles Booth, in his tables of expenditure of thirty poor families, found that only five made no sort of provident payments, and that in one case as much as 11½ per cent. of the total income was spent in such payments. Mr. Booth for convenience expressed each family in units of male adults. The thirty families represent eighty-three such units and a fraction. The average weekly income of each is a little over 6s. 5d.; the average weekly provident payment is a little over 5d., or nearly

6½ per cent. And these figures refer to families not one of which had an income of £2 per week. Can any middle class reader honestly declare that the proportion of saving runs as high in households where the weekly income is £10 or even £20? The struggles and privations which that weekly 5d. represents are not trifling; and when these have been undergone, and the payment regularly kept up, what sort of provision can be made on 5d. a week? Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the expenses of collection and management are proportionately much higher in all sorts of insurance and provident societies to which subscriptions are made in small instalments. The poor man's 5d. brings him hardly more return than the rich man's 3d.—a circumstance which brings us naturally to the question whether the poor man *can* in fact make any real provision.

The sad truth is that thrift, like cleanliness, is a virtue which can only be exercised upon a certain level of prosperity. You cannot be well washed when you are too poor to possess soap, towel, or even jug and basin; you cannot wear clean linen when you possess no change of clothes; and, in like manner, you cannot save when you have barely money to keep a shelter over your head and to get a reasonable average of meals during the week. The mere fact that payments to benefit or insurance societies must be kept up with regularity debars a number of workers from being able to belong to them. A casual or season worker may be three months out of work at a stretch (I have known many women and girls to be so), and though the first, and even the second month's instalment may be scraped together, the pinch becomes too close before the third, and the future benefit must be sacrificed to the present need. No, the very poorest class of wage worker does not possess money enough to make any real provision for the future at all. To reproach members of this class for want of thrift is as reasonable as to reproach them for want of food. They do, poor things, make efforts at thrift, as Mr. Booth's figures show, and they largely recruit the great army of lapsed subscribers whose funds help to make solvent the various provident societies. And when they do keep up their payments—when that 5d. a week out of the weekly 6s. 5d. has been painfully and regularly laid aside, is it so certain that the meagre pittance secured by that scanty contribution will be equal to the privations by which it has been bought? The question whether the poor man really does well to save at all is one to which the answer is not so obvious as some of us are inclined to suppose.

Some years ago I was talking with an old Scotch trade unionist, who holds a high position in the Trades Council of his district. He told me how as a young man he went with a gentleman whom he knew to hear a lecture on Thrift. As they left the hall the gentleman spoke in warm terms of the lecture, and urged upon his younger comrade the duty of laying by for the future. "And I," said my old friend, "answered him that I was a married man with two children, earning £2 a week, and that if, out of that, I laid by enough to make any real provision, I would not be able to give myself such food, lodging, and clothing as would keep me in the best working health, or to give my children such advantages of food, lodging, clothing, and education as would give them the best chance of growing up strong and able; and on the whole I thought the best provision I could make for my children was health and education."

He added that his son and daughter had, in fact, grown up strong and able, and were both workers in skilled trades, receiving high rates of wages. This speech of a thoughtful man, who spoke out of his own knowledge, may well be commended to the preachers of thrift.

That every person should make a provision for old age, or for the possible widow and children left behind him, is deeply to be desired: but in the case of many wage-earners the provision can only be paid for by such a sacrifice of present necessities as risks increasing the evils to be provided against. And even thus the ultimate provision is so small that it generally needs to be supplemented.

To make a really adequate provision a larger payment is required than can be made by the average working man or woman; and I am afraid that even the low rates which are actually paid often make a drain which the income can ill afford, and involve the lack of things necessary for health. When it comes to be a question between going about in broken boots, so as to be continually wet-footed, or paying the monthly 1s. 6d. that will ensure 4s. a week in sickness, and 4s. a week after the age of sixty-five, which is a woman wiser in doing? Which course ought I, as her friend, to advise? The question is not imaginary—it is the real question which lies at the root of the problem of thrift for working people.

On the other hand, if no provision is laid by, what happens? Sickness comes, or the bread-winner dies, and widows and children are left to struggle. In nine cases out of ten, they are helped by neighbours or relations, and the burden of their partial support helps to pull down

people who can themselves only just manage to keep above water. The way out of the vicious circle lies in the increase of wages; and this being so, the subscription to a trade union—which can, and does sometimes, raise wages, and which, more often still, succeeds in preventing their fall—appears to me the only kind of thrift which really pays its expenses to the poorer class of wage-earners.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

II.

IT is with much diffidence that I venture to say anything on the subject before us, as I have little first-hand experience worth mentioning of the lives and habits of the working people. And even if I had, I should still feel most reluctant to lay down the law on this matter, keenly conscious as I am that such thrift as is practised, to their great honour, by thousands of the poor involves sacrifices that most of us who are well-to-do would be quite incapable of making.

Indeed, while allowing that from various causes there is much waste of *money* among the poor, we ought to give them far fuller credit than we do for the toil and patience and continuous self-denial that is involved in the mere making both ends meet. There is surely thrift of the noblest sort, though from week to week not a penny is put by, in homes where a man, in spite of weakly health, never takes a "day off," is never five minutes late at his work, and brings all his earnings home. There is thrift of a still more beautiful type in homes where (the husband being drunken or shiftless) the wife fights unaided, and worse than unaided, through the battle of life, and contrives, God only knows how, to feed and clothe the children, and to keep a roof over their heads.

I can only attempt to make a few remarks and suggestions of a very homely character, leaving the wider and deeper and more complicated aspects of the question to better authorities.

On the face of it, one would be inclined to say that it would be impossible to do more than pay one's way upon £1 a week, with a wife and several children to support, even apart from rent, and independent

of occasional illness and other casualties. As a matter of fact, however, the thing can be done, is being done at the present moment, while in the past large families were, at all events in rural districts, brought up and money saved upon 15s. or even 12s. a week. A village woman once told me that in her youth money went farther, though wages were lower and the necessaries of life (with the exception of meat) were dearer. "You see," she said, "we *want* more nowadays." This is undoubtedly true, nor is it a thing to be regretted, although, of course, wants should be proportioned to income. The advance of education, the cheapness of books, the facilities of travelling, all have tended to enlarge the circle of men's needs and desires. Brains work faster, and require more animal food; knowledge increases, and the monotony of life, once passively acquiesced in, becomes unendurable without change; newspapers and books are in growing demand; better Sunday clothing has become indispensable to self-respect. Accordingly, where 15s. a week used to cover expenses, £1 a week is now barely sufficient. In one of our large manufacturing towns, I was lately told that the working people took annual trips involving considerable railway journeys. No doubt the rate of wages in such a town is considerably higher than I have named, but against this must be put the higher rents.

Again, the lads must have their football, and cricket, and cycling clubs. All these things cost money, but who would grudge it? Labour, both urban and rural, is still sufficiently severe and monotonous to make us hail whatever wholesomely relieves it.

Is there, then, no margin left for savings? I cannot think so. Facts point the other way. Not to speak of the flourishing condition of Post Office Savings Banks, Penny Banks in general, and the Penny Bank Company in particular, I may point to the savings effected among the very poor, by many and various means, but most especially by two great agencies, the Bible Women Society and the Parochial Mission Women Fund. I should imagine that these savings, secured by "catching the fleeting penny as it flies," are in the main made up of money rescued from (1) the public-house; (2) the lollipop shop; (3) mere "muddling away." Of the first source of waste it is needless to say anything. I have been told that in the pinch of hard times, clothes, club-money, food, everything but tobacco, is cut down before the spirit revenue suffers at all. Of the second source of waste not enough has been said. There can be little doubt that more than sufficient could have been stopped out of the stream of lollipops to avert from this country the calamity of (so-called)

"free education," without depriving the children of the occasional treat in the way of sweets which no one would begrudge them. It needs but a little sense on the part of mothers to teach children that a penny *is* a penny, not a mere means of getting a "goody."

I have known a village school where, some cause having prevented the usual feast, the children were given instead Post Office stamp forms each with three stamps to start them. Nothing could have been more popular: all the stray coppers went into stamps, and the sale of lollipops at the village shop ran down to nothing.

There is in some quarters a surely very superfluous fear of making children "stingy." It is rare to find this fault among children at all, least of all among English children, and it may easily be corrected, if it makes its appearance, by teaching them to lay out their savings sensibly and with thought for others. The saving of odd pence it may, however, be said, is at best a cheese-scraping business, incapable of amounting in any case to a sum sufficient to keep people off the rates in their old age. It is not on that account to be despised; but no doubt the saving of weekly shillings is more a thing to be aimed at. One suggestion ought surely to be made, nay, should be put before young people as a plain Christian duty, viz., some prudence in the matter of marriage. A lad of eighteen or nineteen can in most trades and occupations earn man's wages. Why does he not at once begin putting by? It stands to reason that if a married man with three or four children, and rent to pay, can *live* upon 20s. a week, a lad living at home and with only himself to keep, can *save* upon it. If he only puts 2s. a week into the Post Office Savings Bank, and has the good sense not to marry till he is twenty-eight, and the still better sense to choose a girl who has done likewise, they may set up housekeeping together with a sum behind them of something like £100. If they then determine to be teetotallers, they can save the price of four pints of beer a day; short of teetotalism, they could save the price of two pints daily. If into the bargain the man will content himself with one pipe a day, and perhaps a second on Sunday, much tobacco may be turned into savings.

I would fain hope that another opening for thrift may be found in the matter of economical cooking. Much is being attempted in this all-important department of household economy, by means of cookery classes, in connection both with Elementary and Higher Schools for girls, and by diffusion of physiological and chemical knowledge. But the ingrained habits of English people are hard to change, or even to modify,

and perhaps in nothing harder than with regard to their ideas of food. I remember hearing of a clergyman who devoted six weeks to the teaching of simple wholesome cookery to his people. He invited as many women as he could arrange for to learn experimentally in his own kitchen, and he brought them to confess that they had never fared so well in their lives. On visiting them, however, a fortnight or so after the lessons had ceased, he found that one and all had reverted to the old *régime* of tea, bread, and bacon.

If sensible women with time to spare, instead of absorbing themselves in political contention, under either the Primrose or the Liberal banner, would give their thoughts and efforts to the question of penny dinners for school children, and would "peg away" till they made these dinners cover expenses, a gradual reformation would be set on foot which would end by introducing economical cooking far and wide. We are, mercifully, an illogical people; and consequently the rightful conclusion to which "free" education ought properly to lead us, viz., free food, free clothing, and free nurseries, may yet be staved off. But as to the first of this trio, the danger is, I fear, imminent. It is hard for anyone with a heart of flesh to resist the pain of seeing poor little starved children struggling to pass their "standards" at the expense of nerves and brain. It is a passionate longing that seizes philanthropists to provide them with one really nourishing meal a day, without money and without price. Far be it from me to deny that if the children must be educated they must also be fed.

But I earnestly trust that logic is not to drive us to the corollary, "*Freely* they are to be educated, *freely* they must be fed." May not common-sense plead against logic, if logic it is, in this case? Are not the parents the *richer*, not the poorer, by the remission of the school-pence? If they fed their children, somehow or other, while paying the school fee, are they not now a few pence a week to the good—better able than before to feed them?

Tender-hearted people tell you the parents cannot spare a penny for the child's dinner. But there *is* the child, more or less alive; and a child that does not swallow a pennyworth of food a day would not be there to tell the tale. If, however, a penny is too much to expect, halfpenny dinners—both wholesome and nourishing—have, I believe, been known to cover expenses if a rent-free dining place can be provided, and a sufficient number of children can be catered for at a time.

But, by whatever means, let us make a determined stand against further developments of State-grandmotherhood, which threatens to sap the whole foundations of sound thrift throughout the land.

I do not doubt that, when all has been done by such humble methods as I have ventured to suggest, there will remain the sad and undeniable fact that the margin within which the mass of the poor can save is terribly narrow. May God speed all unions and societies which, by true and wise methods, doing no violence either to economic laws or to the moral law, seek to soften the cruelty of competition and to raise the rate of wages.

But let those of us who have not the ability to solve these complicated questions do what in us lies, at all events, to help the poor in their daily lives to raise themselves by their own efforts, to lay by out of their own money, and to win the strength that comes of an independent spirit.

It must be disheartening to those who for years have been striving, and with no small success, to foster among the poor the principle of self-help, and the spirit that scorns doles and "relief"—to find opposite doctrines preached in high places, and encouraged, to some extent, by the State itself. If it is too late to turn back the tide of "State aid," there still remains laid upon Christians the old-fashioned duty of teaching, both by example and precept, the responsibility in the sight of God of parents towards their children, and children towards their parents, inculcated in stern words which surely have not yet lost their force in our ears: "If any man provide not for his own . . . . he hath denied the Truth and is worse than an infidel."

LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

III.

NO argument is necessary in these days to enforce the advantages of thrift, or even to prove that it is possible to all but the chronically sick and infirm: the security of a Government investment is now brought within reach of the purchaser of a penny stamp, and perhaps it may even be said that there is some danger lest the eager

inculcation of self-regarding economy should obscure the nobler lesson of unselfish spending to which it should ever be—if not subordinate—at least allied. But putting this consideration aside, the question of the day is not, Shall the poor save? but, How shall they save? How shall the first steps be taken along the road that leads, both for body and soul, from the lower to the higher life? How shall we support the faltering will across the whole moral interval which lies between impulse and habit? This interval, difficult to bridge over in all classes, is surely most formidable in that class where neither the compulsion of reason nor the stimulus of public opinion can be relied on as auxiliaries in the task. Yet to leave the task untried, to allow that because the habit is not formed the impulse may be neglected, is to leave the drowning man to perish because he cannot swim, to leave the unarmed traveller a prey to wild beasts because he has no weapon. The part of true wisdom as well as of true philanthropy is to reach out a helping hand, to rescue the imperilled life without delay, and afterwards to teach and provide the means of self-preservation. Without the germ of impulse habit cannot be developed; but impulse will often die if left to itself; and our aim should be to discern and cherish the first and feeblest motion towards occasional thrift in order that the desire for steady and systematic saving may in time be established. But to accomplish this end, the penny must be fetched: it may be there one day and gone the next: the momentary wish to begin laying by may have evaporated, the distant vision of decent clothing and bedding may have dissolved into a nearer view of spirits or beer, and the possible future investor in the Post Office Savings Bank may have relapsed into the helpless and reckless victim of the pawnshop and the gin palace.

Even amongst the lowest poor there is money to be saved, if they can be guided and taught to save it; and the encouragement to do this is surely not far to seek when we can show that through the agency of one society these savings have for many years past averaged from £14,000 to £15,000 a year, and in the course of thirty-two years have amounted to over £350,000.

It would be impossible to estimate the mere material increase of comfort and health represented by this sum, still less to measure the increased self-respect and independence, the slowly acquired habits of self-control and perseverance, the awakened desire for decent and respectable conditions of life to which it stands at once in the relation of cause and effect: least of all could the spiritual advance, which it indirectly but

not uncertainly indicates, be brought to the test of statistical record. For all those who have given most thought and labour to the problems of vice and poverty by which we are surrounded agree in asserting that moral renovation must accompany—if it does not precede—material progress; that if the dwelling is to be cleansed to any purpose the life must be cleansed also; that where soberness, thrift, decency, not to say the hopes and restraints of religious belief, are unknown, there the sanitary inspector and even the benevolent landlord must too often confess himself powerless and discomfited.

No one can have followed in any degree the great movement of thought, as well as the vigorous action, which has taken place during the last thirty or forty years in reference to the condition of the poorer classes, without observing that what was originally a subordinate element in it has now assumed a front place, both in extent and importance.

Formerly the large majority of those who took thought for the poor were persons of definite and earnest religious convictions; their motives, methods, and objects were all religious, and even the Clothing Club and the Reading Room were advocated with the distinct belief that such means of material or mental advance would open a hopeful way to spiritual advance also. But now all this is changed. The Church and other Christian bodies still endeavour with ever increasing energy to win and teach the hostile or ignorant masses, neglecting no vantage ground which the encouragement of amusement and secular instruction can afford to religious influence; but side by side with them has developed a vast mass of philanthropic effort, generally quite neutral towards religion, often actually opposed to it, proclaiming the gospel of culture with untiring energy and persuasiveness as the regenerating and purifying influence of the future. People's concerts, art exhibitions, parks, gardens, gymnasiums, libraries, scientific lectures, Palaces of Delight—with these weapons the battle is to be fought and won against sin and misery: the degraded outcast of the streets and the brutal drunkard of the gin shop are to be found, "sitting clothed and in their right minds, at the feet of—" Whom? Not of the Divine Comforter and Sanctifier, the Physician of the sick soul, the Shepherd of the lost sheep—but of the artist, the musician, the lecturer, cleansed, consoled, and elevated by a sonata, a fresco, or a scientific experiment.

Can anybody who reads the current newspapers and magazines assert that this is an exaggerated picture of one school of modern

philanthropy, and that a very active and influential one? Can any of those who believe that "man cannot live by bread alone"—bread, material or intellectual—shut their eyes to the danger of this one-sided provision for his wants, this practical assertion that if the necessities and enjoyments of this life can be provided for no thought or care need be given to the next?

I am most anxious to guard against being misunderstood as condemning, or even passing by with indifference, such efforts for the education and amusement of the poor as have been alluded to: rather would I regard them with the most cordial interest and sympathy if placed on their proper footing, and recommended only as legitimate employments of the varied faculties with which our nature is endowed, and as auxiliaries in the great fight with those powers of evil by which it is too often degraded. But if that fight is to be won, be the elements of the force ever so various, they must be marshalled under the standard of the Cross; for in the sky of the nineteenth century, even as in that of the fourth, shines the undying light of Constantine's vision—"In hoc signo vinces."

Such victories demand the enthusiasm of individual effort, guided by experience and applied with all the power and steadiness of careful organisation. And there is a society—hitherto probably unknown to many who may read this paper—which combines so efficiently these conditions of success, and has by means of them produced results so remarkable, that perhaps it may not be found uninteresting if I give a brief account of the way in which its agents—Parochial Mission Women as they are called—accomplish their task.

In their work religious and secular improvement go hand in hand: thrift is accompanied by amendment of life, the careless and sinful who have found their way to the weekly meeting seldom stop short of the Church door: and the same hand which rescues the lost and weary wanderer will also point on high to the beacon which will guide and cheer his future path.

Surely, then, I am justified in saying that this Association combines in no common degree the Christianising and civilising influences which modern philanthropy has too often divorced; and I believe that even when the brilliant rays of art and science have illumined every garret and alley, the need will still be felt of that lowly friend and helper who brings into the darkest places of human misery not only the hopes and consolations of this life, but the everlasting radiance of the life to come

But the question will naturally be asked, How is all this done?

I will ask any one who cares to know to come with me into Whitechapel, or Shoreditch, or Bethnal Green, or Haggerston, or Bermondsey, or Southwark—any of the typical districts of "Darkest London"—and plunge into its crowded courts and squalid alleys. Let us follow one of the figures passing to and fro.

It is only a poor woman's; her dress is very plain, almost shabby: she is unmistakably and really a poor woman, but not less unmistakably above her class in neatness and cleanliness of aspect. She is evidently familiar with this maze of wretchedness and poverty, and seems by the quiet energy of her walk to be employed on some business in it; but what can she, herself poor, do for all the misery around her? Ask her how she gets her living, and she will tell you that she is the Mission Woman of this parish, that her wages are ten or twelve shillings a week, and that she is now on her daily rounds. Go with her, and you will see no money given, for her office is specially and distinctively this—*to help the poor to help themselves.* She will rescue a penny here, a farthing there—some outcast and vagrant coin, the type, as it were, of its possessor, that would never be found in the company of respectable deposits at the penny bank or clothing club, but would probably slink into the public-house if not sought for and taken charge of at once by her; and in the course of some weeks or months those rescued pence will return to their owner, welcome and unexpected as a gift, but stamped with the far nobler hall-mark of self-control and perseverance, in the shape of clothing, or household utensils, or the almost forgotten luxury of a bed.

She will bring order and decency into the sick room, and perhaps a little ease to the sufferer himself: for the weary limbs will be moved and the throbbing head supported, and a few words of hope and comfort spoken to the faint heart. She will teach the hard-working widow how best to economise her scanty food or eke out her scanty clothing. She will open the window and cleanse the room where a whole family lives, eats, and sleeps. She will wash and dress the children whose mother is "down" with fever or consumption: she will listen, not only with warm sympathy but with entire comprehension, to the histories of sorrow, want, and temptation which many of those whom she visits will pour into her ears; for is she not herself a poor woman, who has undergone the same sorrows and struggled with the same temptations? And thus those poor suffering ones will feel that she is their friend, one who will serve and help them, not as the superior can serve and help the inferior, but

heart to heart and hand to hand, with all the knowledge and energy which spring from personal experience.

But this is only the usual work of a Mission Woman's day—in the night she will perhaps be sent for suddenly to a dying baby, or spend the long dark hours in soothing pain or delirium. Once or twice in the week she will help the Lady Superintendent of her district to receive and welcome such of the women as will come to a well-warmed and lighted room, there teaching them to sew and cut out, and measuring for them the clothing materials for which she is constantly gathering their savings.

Then to her will come not only the poor for advice and sympathy, but also the clergyman for assistance and information; for she will bring to his knowledge many a case needing relief or guidance, many an unbaptised child or unmarried couple among the swarming thousands whom it is physically impossible that he should himself constantly visit. She is his minister and helper, working under his authority and by his direction, and therefore she introduces no strange and disturbing element into the parochial machinery—rather does she strengthen and supplement it.

Her work is no isolated and irregular effort, wasting some of its strength in the attempt to gain and hold an independent footing; it is linked on to the whole power of our Church, and draws freely upon the experience of the parochial clergy and the varied resources of the whole parochial system. It is done by her simply and quietly; she is free from conceited self-confidence and sanctimonious humility: and yet she is generally found without much difficulty by the clergyman himself among his parishioners; for she is only a kindly, energetic, sensible woman, in whom the devotion and unselfishness so often shown by the poor in their intercourse with each other are quickened and elevated by the highest of all motives.

This is but an outline—many pages might be employed in filling it in and many histories told to illustrate it—but surely I have said enough to call forth some interest in the work, and perhaps induce some of my readers to ask for details which would be most gladly sent from the office of the Association.*

I have already mentioned that in the course of thirty-two years a sum of more than £350,000 has been collected from the poor, without the addition of any bonus, and returned to them in the shape of

*11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

necessaries and comforts which in no other way could they have obtained.

Let me now add that the work extends from Northumberland to Cornwall, that it is not less successful in Portsmouth than in London, and lastly, that the management of it has been carried on at an average rate of only 2½ per cent. on its income by a small Committee of ladies who meet regularly during nine months of the year, and whose only salaried officer is a lady secretary.

Comment on this is needless: for if at such a cost such work can be done, who would not help it?

C. S. MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

IV.

IN a work recently published by the Bishop of Winchester, that prelate, whose ministrations among the poor have extended over a period of many years, inculcates the duty of reverence for the poor. He writes: "Their hardships, their difficulties, their necessities are greater than we think of. They deserve our respect and our courtesy, as well as the justice the law gives them. Jesus was poor; the poor are especially His kinsfolk."

When we reflect how much self-denial, tenacity of purpose, industry, and honesty must be exercised by a labouring man and his wife, who live respectably on weekly wages of ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen shillings, or a pound a week, most of us will feel inclined to honour these heroes and heroines of humble life. Many, many thousands of such bright examples exist, and always have existed, and we may fearlessly believe always will exist in our country. The greater proportion of these brave, self-respecting, patient toilers have brought up, or are bringing up, families of children varying in numbers. We are apt to exclaim, "How is it possible!" but the facts remain. By dint of hard work and, I fear, too frugal fare, those who obey the law, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," do manage to bring up families respectably, and, as they express it, put them out in the world. I am

sure, in every village, in every class, more especially, perhaps, among the clergy and ministers of religion of all shades of thought, kind, earnest, self-devoted men and women are yearning to lighten the burden of life for their poorer brothers and sisters. It is not easy to realise how much is being done in every direction, though there is room for much more. The more personal service that can be rendered by the rich, or the well-to-do, to the poor, the better will it be for both. What is needed is to bring the poorer classes into touch with those who have had opportunities of learning practical lessons of management.

In a friendly manner visitors can impart much useful knowledge, but it must be remembered all improvements to be lasting must be very gradual; nor must it be forgotten that instructions must not only be kindly but clearly given.

French, German, and Italian peasants appear to understand the art of making the most of things, more than cottagers and labourers in many of our English counties. Traditions of thrift have been handed down to them from generation to generation. In most cases the men have their little bits of land. They labour hard, their work is for themselves, and they have the strongest motive for exertion. Take the case of a peasant who possesses one or two fruit trees, a cow, geese and sheep, and land enough for flour for the family. He will live chiefly on home produce. His wife knits the wool into garments for the family: all the fruit is usually sold. The dress of the men and of the women is always suitable to their position. There is no aping the fashions of the class above them. A trifle is put by for old age, or for the sons and daughters. True, the food, the houses, and the way of living contrast unfavourably as to neatness and comfort with the surroundings of our peasants. Still, there is usually a place in the home for the aged parents or grandparents.

One of the drawbacks to the system is that there is strong temptation to the owners of land in foreign countries to borrow money, and it is rare for the peasant who once gets into the hands of money-lenders to extricate himself, however incessantly he toils.

Hints from our foreign neighbours might advantageously be given to our poorer friends. Cookery classes, hints in the art of making a little go a long way, very clear instructions on nursing, will all help. In many country places the poor pay extravagant prices for grocery bought at local shops. If they could be induced to take the trouble of ordering comparatively small quantities monthly from London, or from large

firms in neighbouring towns, great savings would be effected. A gentleman in a remote mountainous district found that some very poor, respectable persons in his employ were paying the old-fashioned high prices for inferior tea. He advised them to order their supplies by parcel post direct from London, whence they obtained excellent tea for half the price they were paying. If it were possible in every village to have a room where people could meet to hear lectures, or attend entertainments, experience shows that men, women, girls, and lads eagerly flock to be instructed and entertained. If it were more generally known how easily a shilling account can be opened with Her Majesty in the Post Office Savings Bank, a vast increase in the number of depositors would follow.

It is said that where fern is planted it drives away nettles. If we can give profitable, pleasant employment to people whose lives are monotonous, the attractions of the ale-house will gradually be superseded. Reading-rooms are known to be invaluable, but I would earnestly plead that, if possible, lending libraries should be connected with them. The steadier, older men often like to read aloud to their wives, or if, as alas! is often the case, they have forgotten their schooling, the lads or lasses gladly and proudly read to their parents. The difficulty of getting books in remote country places is great. I have long felt it would be an inestimable boon if a system of colportage could be set on foot all over England. A good proportion of religious books should be included, but there should be well printed, well written standard books on history, geography, travels, and tales. They would command a ready sale. Indeed, if with every country post office in the kingdom a book stall were connected, people would buy.

Nurses for the poor are invaluable. Cottage hospitals have saved an immense amount of needless suffering. Perhaps there is no subject on which poor women in the country need more hints than on dress, but this subject must be approached by visitors with great tact. If the women and girls would for once imitate their rich sisters, and adopt the strong, plain, short dresses of homespun tweed or serge universally worn by ladies in country places, and the useful felt or straw hats, how much nicer they would look, and how much money they would save; to say nothing of the time they might spare, which must be spent in brushing the unsubstantial fabrics now worn, often touching, if not sweeping the ground.

Far be it from me to say that there are not many places in

rural England where sobriety is the rule, intemperance the exception. Still, intemperance, no doubt, is the greatest temptation to want of thrift. It is heartrending, in too many localities, to see magnificent Englishmen, who have laboured hard many days in the week, on what they call play days reeling along the roads, or lying by the sides of the gutters. Often there is no place for them to obtain refreshment. Can we not open coffee houses—if not coffee houses, rooms where non-intoxicants can be sold? If these undertakings are too ambitious, can we not have roadside coffee-stalls? Let us study the teaching of Canon Ellison, of Guthrie, of Father Matthews and hope for the best.

JANETTA RUTLAND.

MY CRITICS AND THEIR METHODS.

IT appears to me that my critics may be roughly divided into two classes: the gentlemen who fill the papers with paragraphs, suggesting the visitation of all the pains and penalties of the Libel Law of England upon my poor head, and who allow weeks to elapse before they translate their threats into actions, and those who content themselves with the more prosaic and less costly system of newspaper comment and reply. Of the former, Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., may be taken as a type: and of the latter, Mr. Michael Davitt. As I write, I learn that Mr. O'Kelly has at length favoured my solicitors with the long-threatened writ, and so I suppose, regarding him and his methods, I must say nothing more. If he "means business," as Mr. Morley would say, I shall have an opportunity of dealing with him in another place. As regards the other gentlemen of paragraph notoriety, but of legal inaction, the same remark holds good, and so I can safely leave them in this way.

With the other class of critics, however, matters are very different. Their position allows of immediate treatment. Not, indeed, that, with the exception of Mr. Michael Davitt, they deserve much notice. Their efforts have been neither of an heroic nor a troublesome character, and were sufficiently covered by my statement in a recent interview, when I said:—

"I should like to emphasise this fact about the book having been written so long ago, because in it will be found the explanation of one or two discrepancies which have been pointed out. For instance, in the reference I make to James Stephens, the ex-Fenian Head Centre, I speak of him as living in Paris, whereas he is now residing in Dublin. At the time, however, when I wrote the passage in question Stephens was living abroad. The matter is a trivial one, and, like one or two others equally insignificant, escaped attention in the hurry of preparing the sheets for the press. . . . . I think it was a Manchester paper which pointed out that Mr. Parnell denied the famous interview. Of course he

did. But the paper in question completely ignored the fact that the three judges accepted my version as true, and refused to believe Mr. Parnell's denial. Then again, about Mr. Sexton and Brennan's escape. I simply give Patrick Egan's statement to me. I make no specific charge against Mr. Sexton. True, Mr. Sexton denied the truth of Egan's statement; but really if I were to have regard to every denial given to my evidence I should have had to put a footnote to every line or sentence in my book saying, 'This is denied by So-and-so.' The idea would be too absurd. What is important to bear in mind is the fact that the judges accepted me as a witness of truth; I challenge disproof of a single statement I have made.

"As we are on this point of denial, bear with me while I touch upon another aspect of it. When all these men who were affected by my evidence were put in the witness-box they denied having ever known 'the man Beach,' as the phrase was on Sir Charles Russell's lips. Of course they never knew 'the man Beach.' The man they did know was 'Dr. Le Caron.' Need I say more?"

This, however, is dealing with the general. In the matter of Mr. Davitt, on the other hand, it is a case of dealing with the particular. He has taken upon himself to be a sort of spokesman of the gentlemen who do not threaten, and in two issues of an important weekly journal has sought to traverse my statements. It, therefore, becomes necessary for me to deal with him and his brief in detail. And, accordingly, to this task I will, without further ado, address myself.

Mr. Davitt sets out with a querulous complaint as to my recital of "well known facts." The admission from such an antagonistic source that I have dealt with facts is really good enough for me; the question as to their being well known is one that others may discuss as they feel inclined. My book won't lose anything by the discussion. As to his attempt at ridicule with regard to my contention that "by my action lives have been saved, communities have been benefited," I have only one retort to make. He is now a member of Parliament. Let him, if he will, make use of the position he now occupies as a double-oathed gentleman who, in these latter days, has sworn allegiance to that which, in the olden times, he called God to witness he would destroy—and ask in the House of Commons for the exposure of official documents connected with the period of which I speak. He will then discover that the very words I have used exist in the records of the Liberal Government of 1870 in a despatch from the Chief Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada to the Premier of the period, Sir John A. MacDonald. As regards the point made with respect to a suggested claim of mine for all the credit in connection with the Canadian *fiasco*, I have very little to say. I never claimed that I was the only instrument used. I have no

desire to dispute the credit with fellow countrymen of Mr. Davitt's. It is a case of "honours divided," even though the motives of Mr. Davitt's fellow countrymen were of a character different from mine. For information on the question of the shipment of arms, I must also refer Mr. Davitt to the Government. The official reports of the Clan-na-Gael, furnished by me from time to time, will give Mr. Davitt, or any other inquiring mind, ample details of the arms, shipments of which he would fain have us believe he is completely ignorant.

Next in Mr. Davitt's criticism comes the famous communication from Devoy to Egan. In my book I wrote :—

"My private affairs permitted of my taking a holiday in the early part of the year 1881, and so I determined to make a trip to Europe. Happening to communicate my intention to my old friend Colonel Clingen, now the commander of the Clan-na-Gael guards at Chicago, and a very prominent member of the organisation, he gave me to understand that the Executive would avail themselves of my journey to send by me *documents which could not be trusted to the mails.* Devoy, it subsequently transpired, was the correspondent whose communications I was to convey, and, by an arrangement of Clingen's, a meeting took place at the Palmer House, Chicago, in the month of March, 1881, when Devoy handed me *sealed packets* addressed to John O'Leary and Patrick Egan in Paris."

This statement regarding the sealed packets Mr. Davitt describes as a palpable invention, and in proof of his assertion he produces a *facsimile* of the letter which he alleges Devoy gave me for Egan. This letter reads as follows :—

"Patrick Egan, Esq. "Palmer House, Chicago,
"March 31st, 1881.

"DEAR FRIEND,—This will introduce to you a friend of mine, Dr. Le Caron, of Braidwood, Ill., who is going to spend a few months in Europe. Although a Frenchman, he is a member of the Land League, and has always been a good *Irishman*, barring the bull.

"I want him to make your acquaintance, as he treated Davitt well when in his town. I know you will show him any kindness in your power. Remembrance to all friends.—Yours truly,

"JOHN DEVOY."

Here Mr. Davitt's hand seems to lose its cunning. For if the production of this document means anything, it means corroboration of my statements—that I was friendly with Devoy; that I brought a communication from Devoy to Egan; that I was in "good standing" in America, if I may use a descriptive phrase, as witness the words "a good Irishman"; and that I became a friend of Egan's under the most promising auspices. Not bad this in the way of help from an

antagonistic source. In addition to all this there are one or two important points which call for emphasis. Mr. Davitt would wish the public to regard this as a very ordinary everyday sort of letter of introduction. But was it? In my evidence I said I met Devoy at the Palmer House, Chicago, by appointment. The facsimile produced by Mr. Davitt is written on Palmer House paper at the time referred to by me. Devoy did not reside in Chicago. Why did he come to Chicago to write a simple letter of introduction for me? And then again, why was not this letter produced at the Commission? To say that it arrived too late is perfect nonsense. Mr. Davitt seeks to guard himself by the statement that it came into his hands "after Mr. Parnell had withdrawn his case from the Special Commission." But "after Mr. Parnell had withdrawn his case from the Special Commission" Mr. Davitt remained on, and played a very important part indeed. Why did he not produce this document? It was as much his interest as that of Mr. Parnell to break down my testimony. Echo answers why? I confess that the more I think over this letter business the more I am surprised at Mr. Davitt's use of it. There is no reason for the letter not having been in the sealed packet, and all the effect of its influence is to my side rather than his. One other word and then I pass on. Is it not a very remarkable thing that this very innocent letter of introduction should have been preserved intact and inviolate for over ten years, while Land League books and documents of much greater significance and importance have mysteriously disappeared altogether? If I wanted to be unkind I should describe it as a "well-known" epistle, for it does not figure now for the first time, having seen the light in an article on the Commission in the *Nineteenth Century* some years ago.

Mr. Davitt waxes very merry over his rendering of my treatment of my House of Commons interview with Mr. Parnell. Your Irish patriot is such a chivalrous gentleman! He scruples not to wilfully misrepresent facts when he wants to score a point against an opponent. Here we have Mr. Davitt making me speak of £20,000 as the sum mentioned by Mr. Parnell as the nucleus of a war exchequer, while in plain and unmistakable figures the amount is given in my book as £100,000. What are you to do with a critic like this? It is hard to know. I should be inclined to leave him and his method untouched in this connection, if it were not that a little further on we have another instance of his peculiar system.

He quotes my evidence regarding the Russo-Fenian alliance as follows:—

"Senator Jones (of Florida) was always in active work in connection with the U.B. men or V.C., and the actual introducer between the Russian Minister at Washington and the Revolutionary organisation that formed an alliance between that organisation to make war on a Power (England) at peace at that time with Russia."

Mr. Davitt purposely omits the previous evidence in which I said that Senator Jones was not actually a member of the organisation. I quote Mr. Davitt at this point:—

"On the day this palpable yarn of some Philadelphia crank was solemnly sworn to as a fact for the *Times*, I despatched the following cable message to the newly-discovered revolutionary ambassador:—

"'LONDON, February 8th, 1889.

"'SENATOR JONES, Detroit. — Le Caron swears you, with Dr. Carroll, negotiated Fenian-Russian alliance.—DAVITT.'

"To this communication Senator Jones replied immediately as follows:—

"'Le Caron's testimony that I negotiated a Fenian-Russian alliance is absolutely false. I was never a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, or of any other Irish organisation.—CHAS. W. JONES.'

"Shortly afterwards I received the following letter:—

"'*No secret.*

"'811, Ellsworth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

"'Michael Davitt, Esq., London.

"'SIR,—Permit me to introduce myself. Justice needs no formalities. I have read your telegram to Senator Jones, also his answer regarding the —— testimony of the —— Le Caron. It just so happens that I am the man who done the whole Russian alliance, and not Dr. Carroll or Senator Jones. In verification of the facts, I have sent to Sir C. Russell letters, &c., to prove this. I am only too glad that I have preserved the papers for the use of Mr. Parnell's counsel, for it seems to me as the interposition of God Almighty that He prevented me from destroying them long ago. Permit me to remain your countryman,

NATHANIEL HARRIS.'

"It is out of material of this and kindred stuff that Secret Service romance is first sworn and then printed as 'great revelations' by the world-renowned Beach."

Now, what does this amount to? Again it is wilful misrepre-

sentation. Senator Jones denies that he ever negotiated the alliance and that he ever was a Fenian. I never said he did the one or was the other. After emphasising the fact that he was not a Fenian, I said he introduced Dr. Carroll. Dr. Carroll has never denied that he negotiated the transaction, while Mr. Davitt with a miserable conception of tactics produces a letter from what I suppose he would call a "Philadelphia crank" claiming all the credit for the transaction. What on earth must Mr. Davitt's friends think of his much vaunted ability when they find him rushing blindly into the enemy's hands in this way? Surely a man with a moderate amount of sense would have recognised the fact that with the public at large the question was not as to the negotiator, but as to whether or not the negotiation took place; and now we have Mr. Harris's statement that he sent the proof to Sir Charles Russell. I don't know the gentleman, but it is not at all unlikely that he was associated with Dr. Carroll in carrying out the transaction.

Mr. Davitt grows rather heated when he comes to deal with my personal references to himself. He is quite wrathful with me because I did not allege all sorts of things against him in connection with his first visit to America. The truth is I did not want to say very many hard things about Mr. Davitt when I was first examined. Like a large number of other people, I regarded him as one of the few honest though deluded patriots of the Irish type, and when, in the witness box, I was asked if I knew of my own knowledge what meetings he attended, and if I was acquainted with the newspaper reports, I was only too glad to be relieved from speaking definitely on the point. With my change of opinion regarding him there has naturally come the removal of the difficulty. That he appreciated the position I took up with respect to him at the Commission is, I think, pretty well proved by his surrender of the right to cross-examine.

I come now to deal with the question of Mr. Davitt and his visit to Braidwood. He writes:—

"I believed when before the Commission that I had actually been Le Caron's guest during the one night I remained in Braidwood in 1880. I have since made inquiries and I find I was not. I enjoyed the hospitality of a school teacher in the town, and it was in this friend's house that Le Caron gave me the medicine."

Here, again, Mr. Davitt is wrong. If he will jog his memory a little he will probably recall the fact that he attended a demonstration in Joliet the day previous to coming to Braidwood: that as the chairman

of his Reception Committee I was present at the demonstration, and at his hotel; accompanying him subsequently to Braidwood. It is a trivial matter, but whereas I said he spent three days in my company he really spent four. The school teacher he mentions, John McKernan, now of the firm of Hembury and Co., Chicago, was a tenant of mine at Braidwood, my permanent residence being then in Chicago.

In his effort to belittle my work in connection with the dynamite campaign, my critic overlooks one important point—my responsibility ended when the men left American soil. The first thing the Government over here had to think of was the safety of its agents, and no matter how much information they had in their possession, those in authority could not risk their whole system of secret service by moving without sufficient justification this side. The work of grappling with the dynamite men was not by any means the easy thing Mr. Davitt would wish his readers to believe. To arrest a man, place him in the dock, and allege certain things against him simply and solely because a mysterious agent in America cabled that he was a dynamiter, would be not only ridiculous, but impossible. Be the supply of secret information as perfect as possible, nothing can be done unless certain criminality attaches to the suspected one on this side of the water. Therefore it is that, as I pointed out elsewhere, the credit for the frustration of the fell scheme is not really due to me, but to the admirable police work of the Scotland Yard police and their provincial colleagues.

The point made in connection with the similarity of phraseology employed by Devoy and Sullivan on the question of the Buffalo business has not been put forward by Mr. Davitt alone. Several people seem to regard the matter as unsatisfactory, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of dealing with it here. Says Mr. Davitt:—

"At p. 185 he inserts a letter which he attributes to John Devoy as part of the exploded sealed-packet-cum-£20,000-insurrection [still the misrepresentation of my statement regarding the £100,000] business. The final sentence of this letter reads: 'It is not their action in Ireland, but the action they allow their friends to take in their name here. There is little difference of opinion about the essential point, but we cannot tolerate the kind of thing begun in Buffalo.' This is supposed to have been written in Newhaven, Connecticut. At p. 186 Le Caron takes us to Chicago, and makes Alexander Sullivan talk as follows on the same matter: 'Our quarrel is not with their action in Ireland, but with the action they allow their friends here to take in their name. I know there is but little difference about essential points, but we cannot tolerate the kind of thing begun in Buffalo.' This, to say the least, is not artistic. To

make two men a thousand miles apart—men as distinct from each other in temperament and education as any two men could possibly be—speak in identical words and phrases on any subject is but a clumsy rendering of an obvious and impudent invention."

Of course, this looks rather unsatisfactory at the first glance. The explanation, however, is particularly simple. Devoy having written the letter from which the extract is made—the letter was accepted by the Special Commission as genuine and published in the report—telegraphed to me as the result of subsequent correspondence to show the communication to Sullivan and Hynes. This I did, and the matter was the subject of much conversation between us, Sullivan later on quoting Devoy's words in endorsement of Devoy's contention. I don't know how immaculate Mr. Davitt may be in this regard, but for my part I am quite ready to admit that when I have given careful study to any particular view of a case I am sufficient of a plagiarist at times to repeat the very language I have read or heard spoken in connection with it. To my mind this is really corroboration, not compromising weakness. If Devoy and Sullivan were utterly apart in sentiment, association, and intention, the criticism of Mr. Davitt might apply, but in the circumstances it is utterly absurd. If Mr. Davitt requires further information or corroboration I must again refer him to the Government pigeon-holes. Devoy's letter produced by me at the Commission was not the only communication I had had on the subject; but when I asked for the others I was told they had been made official.

It is rather amusing to find the Powderly letter again "resurrected" at this time. Mr. Davitt covers a weak case by a short reference to the matter with the concluding remark that "enough is known of Mr. T. V. Powderly even on this side of the Atlantic to make it unnecessary on my (Mr. Davitt's) part to defend him from Le Caron's malignant and baseless imputations." I can best dispose of the Powderly matter by quoting the following from a speech by Mr. Sexton, M.P., in the House of Commons:—

"He would now tell the House a little more about Le Caron than the judges knew. Some letters had been handed to him with the view of his communicating them to the House. One was a letter from Mr. T. V. Powderly, a gentleman holding an important office in the labour organisations of the United States, enclosing a letter to him from Le Caron. Writing on the 12th of February, 1889, Mr. Powderly said:—

"'That you may know what manner of man Le Caron is who is giving testimony in the case of the London *Times* v. Parnell, I enclose a copy of a document

now in my possession with which he favoured me during the trouble on the South-Western Railroad in 1886. This letter is of a piece with all the work which he pretends to have had a hand in on this side of the Atlantic. It is the production of a man who is certainly not fit to be at large, and no credence would be given to whatever testimony he would give in an American Court.'

"He need not read any more of the letter sent by the Hon. T. V. Powderly, a member of Congress, and of the Local Legislature, which enclosed the copy of the letter from Le Caron. The letter from Le Caron which he enclosed was as follows:—

"'The Hon. T. V. Powderly.

"'St. Louis, Mo., April 3rd, 1886.

"'DEAR SIR,—At such a time as this a few words of advice and encouragement may be of service to you and may possibly serve to solve the very difficult problem so suddenly thrust before you.

"'A peaceful law-abiding strike will never conquer such a power as you now have to deal with. Moral suasion, so good in trivial cases, becomes of no use when applied to such a cold-hearted fiend as Jay Gould; entreaty, argument, and sympathy appeal to him in vain, and though they plead with him in thunder tones the sound falls on leaden ears. You must touch his pocket and meet force with force. You must not be expected to publicly countenance anything but peaceful measures. You will not even know that any other has been resorted to. All that you need do will be to give me the names of a few of your lieutenants along the Missouri-Pacific road, and I will attend to the rest. Name only those in whom you can place implicit confidence, and I will place in their hands the materials that will, if properly handled, destroy every bridge and culvert on the road.' (Loud Home Rule cheers.) 'I have made a study of explosives, and can give you an unfailing remedy for the wrongs your members complain of.

"'All that you need do will be to write the names I have asked for on the blank space on this sheet. Return it to me without name even—I will manage the rest. Whatever is to be done must be done quickly. I know you by reputation for years and can trust you. All I ask is your confidence and in return I promise the most gratifying results.

"'Faithfully yours,

"'HENRI LE CARON.'"

And a letter which I wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 12th, 1890, as follows:—

"In your issue of this date you quote Mr. Sexton as saying: 'Mr. Powderly published the letter some time ago, *yet Le Caron had made* no reply until to-day.' The statement is incorrect. The alleged letter was published in the United (*sic*) one year since, and my cabled denial appeared there immediately after. The London edition of the *New York Herald* also published it at the same time, and my emphatic denial can be found in that paper the day following its publication. That which does not exist cannot appear, and so it is with the Powderly 'canard.' You will find Mr. Sexton has simply been 'sold.'"

The whole thing is a palpable invention on the face of it. If it were a genuine document it would have been made use of before the Commission. It would have been quite too valuable a weapon to allow of its getting rusty by want of use. Mr. Davitt was wise in not dwelling too long on this branch of his subject. Mr. Powderly is a very clever man!

Passing over an unhappy effort intended to prove that because I spoke of Irish conspirators being addicted to the whisky bottle therefore they were anything but the dangerous crowd I pictured them to be, I come to the following portentous reference :—

"The fatal weakness of Le Caron's testimony for the *Times*, when he was before the Special Commission, was where he failed to produce a single scrap of evidence, of written or printed documents, to substantiate the Parnellism and Crime charge of an 'understanding' between the Clan-na-Gael and the Irish party. He was full of assertions, but absolutely destitute of facts with which to support them. Here is what he had to admit, as taken from the official record of his evidence (Vol. V., p. 71) :—

"'45,216 (Sir Charles Russell). Is there any circular or communication from the V.C. to the Senior Guardians that has come to your knowledge in which there is, directly or indirectly, any reference made to the so-called alliance or understanding? Le Caron : *Never one.*' This admission was bad for the *Times*. But Le Caron has pulled himself together in his book, and here is what he now says, on reflection, when not on oath : 'What, however, was perhaps the most important proceeding of all at this Convention of the Revolutionists was the passing of the following resolution :—

"'"Resolved : That we maintain the same relations in the future to open societies, working for the same purpose as ourselves, that we have in the past."'

"'If further proof were wanted beyond that already given of the "understanding" which existed between the open and secret organisations, it could not be supplied in a more emphatic manner than this.' (p. 150.) This 'resolution,' which, like the atrocious 'speech' attributed to Mr. Powderly, had no existence when Le Caron was before Judge Hannen, is now put forth in connection with 'the official report of the Secret Convention which reached me' (p. 249) with the object of improving for Unionist purposes the case which he failed to make out for the *Times*."

I am free to admit I should like to use some plain undiluted Saxon in characterising this assertion properly. I suppose, however, that the courtesy of these columns demands different treatment for Mr. Davitt at my hands, and so I will content myself with the statement that my critic does not show a proper regard for the requirements of truth in making this assertion. The facts are against him. If he will refer to question 44,675, on p. 46 of Vol. V. of

the Commission Report, he will see that the very resolution to which he takes exception was read out from the report in question by the Attorney-General. So much again for Mr. Davitt's fairness. It will be noted that at the Commission Sir Charles Russell's question was as to a circular or communication from the V.C. to the Senior Guardians: there was nothing said about the report.

I willingly make Mr. Davitt a present of all the benefit he can get out of my slip regarding Daly. When in the box I spoke of Daly, the Dynamitard, as "Daly of Castlebar." I intended, of course, to refer to "Black Jack," as he was called, the dynamite agent whose acquaintance I first made at the Philadelphia Convention of 1883. I had never met the other Daly, but had frequently heard of Daly of Castlebar: hence the confusing of the two names at the moment. I don't think, however, that Daly's release or continued imprisonment depends upon such a small matter as this.

Into the other matters dealt with by Mr. Davitt I do not consider it at all necessary to enter. He is good enough to speak of me in connection with the breaking up of the Clan-na-Gael. I would that the Clan-na-Gael were broken up. But if he is at all anxious to know, he can easily ascertain the true facts of the situation from his and my old friend, Major P. H. Kelly, of Braidwood, the present Senior Guardian of Camp 204, of that city. The report he will get will be that the Clan still lives, flourishes, and works for the downfall of England. As regards the present member for Meath's defence of the Clan-na-Gael, and his dear friend, Alexander Sullivan, from association with the Cronin murder—to say nothing of a lot of seventeenth century history called into requisition, for what particular purpose I fail to conceive—I have nothing to say. I fear I should not be justified in occupying further space regarding the matter.

And so I leave Mr. Davitt and his methods. I cannot feel very bitter against him, for he has done me good service. He has helped me to corroborate matter which up to now lacked that which he supplies, and he has been sufficiently foolish in other ways to lay himself open to correction and reproof. To him and the other gentlemen of Irish Nationalism who have assisted in the effective advertisement of my book—my sincere thanks!

HENRI LE CARON.

SPEECHES AND SPEAKERS OF TO-DAY.

I BELIEVE it was Mr. Mitchell Henry, a Liberal now wringing his hands in despair over the Home Rule he helped to precipitate, who complained that his Parliamentary speeches were not reported at sufficient length in the *Times*. The conductors of that journal, if I remember rightly, took a terrible revenge. They caused Mr. Henry's next speech to be printed exactly as he delivered it, without a single grammatical alteration. After that Mr. Henry let the reporters alone. Most speeches when they come to be read by the general public are a joint product of the floor and the gallery. Everyone knows Townshend's comment on the appearance of a new member called Harris, who had written on grammar and on harmony: "Why on earth does he come here, where he will find neither one nor the other?" The oratorical average is probably a good deal higher now than it was in the eighteenth century. At all events there are fewer silent members, which is, perhaps, a doubtful advantage. Addison became a Secretary of State without having opened his lips in the House of Commons. But he was a very bad one, which rather spoils the moral. It is no doubt absolutely necessary that most speeches should be revised as well as curtailed before they are published, and the services of the reporter are inestimable. The only drawback to the arrangement is that a reporter has his notions of style as well as other people, and that they do not always coincide with those of his victims. Thus, if he be an Irishman, as he not unfrequently is, he introduces the auxiliaries "will" and "shall" according to the custom which prevails in the country of his origin but not in the land of his adoption. Sometimes a speech is funny and a summary is serious. Sometimes a speech is serious, and the fun is, it may be unconsciously, imparted by the condenser. A right reverend prelate had been fulminating in the House of Lords against some Liberal measure of ecclesiastical reform. He drew an eloquent picture of the injury it would inflict upon the Church, and passionately declared that he would not dare to come before his Maker with the responsibility of

having voted for such a Bill. A very irreverent peer was asked what the Bishop of Peterborough had been saying. "Saying? Said he'd be damned if he voted for the Bill." I remember, however, one occasion when the paraphrase was as quaint as the original. There was a dinner of old Balliol men at Oxford, at which Archbishop Tait and Matthew Arnold were both present. Mr. Arnold followed the Archbishop in his happiest vein. After such an imposing display of dignity, authority, and success, it might, he said, be almost a relief to the company to see and hear an old Balliol man who had not got on in the world. The ingenious epitomist of this, and of much more to the same effect, informed his readers that "Mr. Matthew Arnold contrasted his own position and emoluments with those of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Archbishop Tait was undoubtedly among the best speakers of his time. Lord Beaconsfield put him second in the House of Lords, above Magee, and second only to the Duke of Argyll. The Duke of Argyll is still a finished and impressive orator, though physical weakness has rather impaired the vigour and vitality of his utterances. He has one great advantage over inferior men. He has never for one instant doubted his own infallibility. When he followed Mr. Gladstone the Tories were rather stupid and exceedingly mendacious. Now that he follows Lord Salisbury the Gladstonians are a gang of profligate traitors bent on breaking up the British Empire, "to get some on 'em office and some on 'em votes." Perhaps they are; but that is another matter. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain were once members of a jelly-fish Administration, if not jelly-fish themselves. Then they did not agree with the Duke of Argyll about Irish land. Now they agree with him about Irish Government, and are the political salt of the earth accordingly. When the Duke of Argyll gets into a dispute with Mr. Huxley, the conflict of two infallibilities is more amusing than instructive. The Duke of Argyll is gifted with a fine voice, a distinguished manner, and an abundant vocabulary. He may be a "portentous political pedagogue," as Lord Rosebery observed. But he is also one of the few living men whom it is always a treat to hear without reference to what they say. The compliment, if, indeed, it be one, could not be justly applied to Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery has two manners. One is full of action; in the other there is no action at all. In the House of Lords he is like a statue; at a public dinner he might be compared by an unfriendly critic to a marionette. Lord Rosebery's speeches are full of matter. They are usually witty and

always shrewd. The exaggerated solemnity with which his jests are delivered is in itself highly comic, and may, perhaps, be called without profanity part of the show. It is to be lamented that even the deadly dulness of the Lords has never tempted Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury to a good stand-up fight. They would be well matched. Lord Salisbury's mordant epigrams are delivered with a sardonic grimness which enhances their effect. But his voice is monotonous, and his most polished literary sentences look better than they sound. No man has less pity for intellectual weakness. An unfortunate nobleman made a foolish motion for altering the Standing Orders, so that peers who wished to get into the House of Commons might be excused from attending the House of Lords. The proposal was utterly absurd, for, of course, the disabilities of the peerage could only be removed by statute. Lord Kimberley was for getting rid of the whole thing on a point of order. But Lord Salisbury objected. He was, he said, most anxious to hear the arguments of his "noble friend." So for half an hour the "noble friend" maundered on, more or less intelligibly, while other lords, as their practice is, conversed on their private affairs. Then Lord Salisbury rose and genially observed that, while he was quite sure no one would offer the slightest hindrance to his "noble friend" absenting himself from that House, he did not think it very likely that he would find his way into the other. Morally the retort was not much above the level of the streets, and of "you're another"; but the art was perfect, and the whole performance exquisite.

Lord Salisbury once said that the whole of the Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons were not worth one of his colleagues. He is understood to have been thinking of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, upon whom, in recognition of his eminent talents and virtues, Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood. Sir Ellis is now unmuzzled, the ox is removed from his tongue, and the House of Commons, so long deprived of his fervid eloquence, will be subject to its spells once more. But he is too aristocratic for the Lower House. He ought to have been made a peer. Mr. Sexton, though not, in Lord Salisbury's estimation, worth one eighty-seventh part of Lord George Hamilton, is usually accounted a speaker of some force. I have heard him described as a "windbag." The epithet might as well have been applied to Mr. Goschen or Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Sexton likes speaking. So do they. He is often long. But intelligent people know that length is a comparative term, and that while twenty minutes may be wasted, an hour

may be well employed. Mr. Sexton knows the House of Commons as well as the Speaker, and better than the Chairman of Committees. If his speeches are long, there is plenty in them. His fault is that he shows too plainly his own pleasure in his own good things. When a bore yawned while addressing the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough remarked, "He is encroaching on our privileges." Mr. Sexton does not exactly applaud himself in the sense of audibly crying "Hear, hear" after one of his own hits; but he sometimes goes uncommonly near it, as near as the rules of the House, or those *mœurs* which Blanche Amory thought so droll, will allow.

There seems to be a popular impression that every Irish member can speak. This is about as true as the proverbial saying that all Englishmen are born judges of horse-flesh. The Irish Parliamentary party contains some of the worst speakers who ever lived. They need not be specified. Their only claim to be considered orators is that they are unfortunately incapable of holding their tongues. After—a long way after—Mr. Sexton comes Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor talks English, as the Duke of Wellington talked French, with much courage. A smart and dashing, one might almost say damning, journalist, he is also a forcible, intrepid, and exceedingly effective debater. He is great, they say immense, on a platform, and he wields the bludgeon rather than the rapier. But he wields it with considerable dexterity and success. He is perhaps the best man in the House of Commons to follow Mr. Chamberlain. Upon Mr. Chamberlain, whom we Conservatives do not love, delicate irony and suggestive sarcasm are thrown away, except when wielded by Mr. Gladstone in that style of which he discovered and retains the secret. Mr. O'Connor is capable of abusing his strength by brutal attacks upon the weak or the refined. But he makes up for this want of sensibility by going straight at Mr. Chamberlain with what is either righteous indignation or something very like it. Moreover, Mr. O'Connor, differing from most rhetorical pugilists of his stamp, is seldom dull. He has a vein of racy Irish humour almost as funny as Colonel Saunderson's, though less polished and urbane. Mr. Healy at his best is wittier. When Mr. Healy drops his vulgarity, keeps his temper, and rises to the occasion, few men are so witty as he. He has once or twice succeeded, where every one else failed, in turning the laugh against Mr. Balfour, and he once convulsed the whole House, without distinction of age or politics, by half an hour's good-natured banter of Mr. Goschen, whom we on our side respect rather than love. But Mr. Healy often

descends depths where no self-respecting critic can follow him. Mr. Dillon, with all his alleged ability and undoubted earnestness, is hardly worth mentioning as a speaker. But Mr. O'Brien, though frequently grotesque, can, under the influence of strong excitement, produce a wonderful effect. This may be in some measure due to his conspicuous sincerity and genuine, if perverted, patriotism. For in spite of platform rhetoric, nobody, except perhaps Mr. Labouchere, really believes that Mr. O'Brien is a self-seeking intriguer. When, however, all allowance has been made for Mr. O'Brien's personality, which perhaps repels as much as it attracts, his eloquence has not been explained away. His defence of himself in the House of Commons just after his release from prison, turgid and bombastic though it might be, was among the most telling orations of the late Parliament. There are not many members of the House of Commons, certainly not many English Radicals, who would willingly spend a week in gaol for any conceivable opinion or principle. Mr. O'Brien, a delicate man of literary tastes, has spent many months there for the sake of the cause he supports. The sense of injustice must have rankled in his mind unless it had been expelled by stronger feelings. But in the great speech to which I have referred there was little trace of personal animosity against Mr. Balfour, who had first procured his imprisonment, quite justly as we think, and then jeered at his sufferings with questionable prudence.

Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. John Redmond, the respective leaders of the Nationalists and Parnellites, are speakers of very different types. Mr. McCarthy is a man of letters; Mr. Redmond is a man of law. Mr. McCarthy has not the physical equipment of an orator, and he cares little for the dry details of politics. But the literary quality of his speeches is excellent, and in the days when he opposed the Liberal party he frequently had the honour of drawing Mr. Gladstone's fire. Mr. Redmond is a debater of almost the highest order. In manner he is a sort of Irish Parnell. Cool, clear, and sagacious, he states his case with admirable precision, and he never offends against the canons of good taste, which, as Mr. Gladstone once reminded Sir William Harcourt, are scarcely less important than the canons of the Church. If Mr. Redmond were not a little too much of the lawyer and the advocate, rather too fond of half apologetically implying that he must speak according to his brief, he would be even more formidable than he is. In the Parnellite camp he stands alone. The other eight have no debating capacity amongst them.

The buried merit of Mr. James Lowther is a source of some anxiety to his friends. Mr. Lowther is too old and too staid to get behind the Speaker's chair and crow like a cock. His former crony, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, has departed from this world of toil. But Mr. Lowther speaks so well, when he speaks at all, that his habitual silence calls for the severest censure. It is rumoured that since "Truthful James" cut so fine a figure as principal arbitrator in a famous turf dispute, he dreams of the judicial Bench, and will only intervene in debate as the *vir pietate gravis*. This is hard upon the House of Commons which has done nothing to merit such treatment from an old friend, I myself—*moi chétif*—hold, as an honest Conservative, that Mr. Lowther would lead the Conservative party better than either a London newsagent or a Scotch metaphysician. But as I do not wish to be expelled from the Carlton, I can only hazard such a deadly heresy under the shelter of an anonymity as impenetrable as that of Junius. It is often asserted, and still more often assumed, that we Conservatives admire Mr. Labouchere, and sympathise with him in his present attitude of angry disappointment. I do not think that this is true In any case, few good critics hold him in high esteem as a speaker. Mr. Labouchere, in spite of his rather tiresome theory that everyone is either a rogue or a fool, and that most people are both, is a most amusing talker. He is also a brilliant writer, and the man who can read *Truth* without laughing cannot have much capacity for laughter. But Mr. Labouchere on his legs seems to me—and being a Conservative I can afford to acknowledge it—like Samson when his hair was cut. His quips and his cranks no longer please. There is neither seriousness nor humour. It is not funny, and it is not business. Such, at least, is my opinion, which may or may not be due to political prejudice. We, on the other hand, have turned out that most difficult of all achievements—a successful humourist. Nobody denies that Lord Elcho has "caught on." Perhaps there is some advantage to him in being the son of a father *tali ingenio præditus*, so amply furnished with tediousness, as Lord Wemyss. But, after all, that would not go very far. No; Lord Elcho has a genuine gift of comedy, and he has not hitherto committed the fatal mistake of displaying it too often. To make a comic speech about the Derby is no very astonishing feat, but the payment of members—though Liberal candidates appear to find it the most personally attractive part of the Newcastle Programme—is not intrinsically suggestive of merriment. Lord Elcho, however,

burlesqued it with marvellous spirit, and he was as nearly as possible encored.

Among the rising young men on my own side of the House I should assign a high place to Mr. Cust, who is a better speaker than Mr. Curzon, with less pomposity and more talent. Mr. Wyndham, though perhaps a trifle priggish, is also a clever fellow, with a turn for epigram which he exercised in writing Mr. Balfour's letters. The rest of our youth are rather solid than brilliant; and Mr. Darling makes one suspect that he cannot have written *Scintillæ Juris* even fifteen years ago. On the other side most of the young orators have, naturally enough, been put into the Government. For Mr. Asquith we all have a great admiration, and only regret that we do not hear him oftener. Next to him I should put Sir Edward Grey, the man of the future, who thinks for himself, always argues reasonably, and has a good style. Mr. George Russell has not been heard for some years at Westminster. He used to be an effective debater, and once pummelled Lord Randolph Churchill in a highly effective fashion. Mr. Acland, on the contrary, is a comparatively young Parliamentary hand. He only entered the House of Commons in 1885. But Mr. Gladstone did a very wise thing when he put him into the Cabinet. Mr. Acland has been compared with Cobden. He certainly has the ability to get up his subjects well, and the art of persuasion is one which he thoroughly understands. Mr. Birrell has made some happy little speeches, curiously bookish, and yet oddly familiar. But he is rather an exotic in the House of Commons. I don't think that Mr. Gladstone has left out anyone who would have strengthened him much in office, although he has put some in who will weaken him if they are allowed. A great deal has been said about the exclusion of Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Stuart. I never heard either of them make a speech in the late Parliament which could be called good, and very few which were even tolerable. As for Mr. Storey, I consider him to be the greatest bore in the House of Commons, let who will be the next. If Mr. Hunter claimed the next place I should not refuse it him. On our own side Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett would give Mr. Howard Vincent two stone and a beating.

MILES INGLORIUS.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND OPEN SPACES.

OUGHT the London County Council to maintain small open spaces and playgrounds in poor Metropolitan parishes?

This is a question which for some time has been exercising the minds of County Councillors. As is well-known, all the large parks within the Metropolitan area, other than the Royal ones, are maintained by the Central Governing Body of London. In addition to such parks as Battersea, Victoria, Finsbury, Southwark, Kennington, Brockwell, Dulwich, Waterlow, Ravenscourt, and Myatt's Fields, and such open spaces as Hampstead Heath, Wormwood Scrubs, Streatham, Wandsworth, Plumstead, and Bostall Heath, there are several small gardens—like Leicester Square—of an acre or less in extent, which are likewise maintained by the Council. In addition to these, there are some 108 gardens and playgrounds, varying from eighteen acres to a quarter of an acre, which are under the care of Local Vestries and District Boards. The open spaces maintained by the London County Council are scattered all over the Metropolis. Most of them were handed over to the Council by the late Metropolitan Board of Works on its decease, but they were largely added to by the late Council during the three years of its existence. After a year's discussions, and several close divisions, the late Council determined to take over for a limited period eleven gardens and playgrounds, a quarter of an acre to seven acres in extent, from the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which had laid them out, but which does not undertake permanently to maintain grounds. These are situated mainly in crowded and poor districts where the local Vestries or District Boards had declared themselves, through poverty, unable to maintain them. The period for which the late Council undertook to keep open these small grounds expired on October 31st last, and the present Council has lately had to decide whether it will continue the policy of its predecessors in office, or close the grounds against the crowds of children and invalids who, for the last five or six years, have enjoyed within them fresh air, exercise,

and as much sunshine as is obtainable in our gloomy Metropolis. All are agreed that it is the duty of the central municipal body of London to acquire and maintain large parks, but there are many who think that small open spaces being of a local character should be maintained by the local authorities. There is a great deal to be said in favour of this view, but there are strong arguments to support the contention of those who, like the majority on the late Council, think that an exception to the rule should be made in the case of crowded and poor parishes. There are some who, like the writer of this paper, believe that it would be for the benefit of the great mass of the citizens of London if all open spaces were placed under the control of the County Council. The arguments adduced by the minority in the late Council were :—

I. The expense which would be entailed by the maintenance of additional open spaces.

II. That if these grounds were kept up by the Council it would encourage Vestries and District Boards to neglect their duties in the matter of open spaces.

III. That the logical conclusion of such a course of action would be the throwing on the Central Board the entire burden of maintaining all the open spaces of London.

On the other hand, the arguments in favour of the maintenance of small gardens and playgrounds in poor districts are as follow :—

I. That the working classes in these poor and over-crowded parishes have been taxed for the purchase and maintenance of large parks, which are of little, if of any, practical advantage to them, inasmuch as they are situated far from their homes, and that there is only one day in the week when it would be possible for working men to enjoy them, and even then only at the cost of considerable trouble and a certain expenditure of money. That having been taxed for the benefit of others it was only fair that the burden of maintaining their small open spaces, which alone are of real use to them, should be spread over the whole Metropolis, and not be placed upon already overburdened shoulders.

II. That it is only fair that rich and lightly taxed districts should assist to lighten the burdens of the poorer and more heavily-weighted.

III. That small open spaces can be more economically and efficiently managed by a central than by a local authority. For instance, a Vestry with three or four such grounds would require to keep a staff as large as that which would be sufficient for the maintenance of a dozen or more small gardens, if worked by

perambulating gangs of labourers under the direction of a central authority. They would also be more efficiently worked, for no Vestry could afford to pay for the services of as highly-trained gardeners and superintendents as those employed by the London County Council charged with the care of over sixty open spaces.

IV. That no new principle is involved in the question, inasmuch as the Council, and before it the Metropolitan Board of Works, has maintained, and continues to maintain, grounds smaller than most of those proposed to be taken over by it.

V. That if these small open spaces be not maintained by the Council they will have to be closed.

VI. That the cost of maintaining these grounds is trivial compared with the sums annually expended on the large parks.

VII. That it is the duty of the Council to consider the wants not only of the rich, but also of the poor districts of the Metropolis.

VIII. That in almost if not in all the large cities of the world the parks and gardens are maintained by the central municipal authority.

IX. That there is no taxation more cheerfully borne by the masses of the people than that expended on open spaces.

X. That the late elections have shown that the policy pursued by the majority of the late Council has approved itself to the people of London.

Within the last three years the number of the open spaces under the control of the London County Council has been increased to sixty-six. Hampstead Heath, 240 acres in extent, has been more than doubled in size, at a cost of £301,000, by the addition of Parliament Hill, consisting of 265 acres. Clissold Park, of 53 acres, has been purchased for £101,195; Brockwell Park, of 78 acres, for £122,000; and Tench Street Recreation Ground, of 2 acres 2 roods, for £52,000. The parks of Dulwich, of 72 acres; Waterlow, of 30 acres; Maryon, of 12 acres; and Myatt's Fields, Camberwell, of 14 acres 2 roods, have been presented to London respectively by the Dulwich College Trustees, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Sir Maryon Wilson, and the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, who laid out the land, which was placed at its disposal by an anonymous donor. Peckham Rye has been increased by the addition of several acres of woodland, and a large open space called Hackney Marshes, in the extreme north-east of London, consisting of 345 acres, is in course of purchase, and will make the sixty-seventh in the possession of the London County Council.

These are in addition to the 108 gardens and playgrounds

opened and maintained by the local authorities, to the eighteen maintained by the Crown for the benefit of the people, to the fifteen kept up by the Corporation of London, and to the fifty public open spaces which are under the control of clergy, individuals, and associations. It will be seen, then, that 257 parks, gardens, and playgrounds are at the disposal of the citizens of London, and yet there are not enough for purposes of health and recreation.

London is, happily, still provided with 183 undeveloped open spaces, situated in the heart of the town, which cannot by law be built over, often furnished with splendid timber, and only needing a comparatively small expenditure to be turned into smiling and healthful gardens. At present they are, as a rule, howling wildernesses, filled with rank vegetation, dead men's bones, yawning graves, and the refuse and garbage of a large city. They are sources of danger to public health and to public morals, for here in the darkness, free from police supervision, collects the filthiest human scum which ever shunned the light. Here are planned murders, robberies, and villainies of all kinds, and here, in the graves of past generations, are often temporarily hidden the ill-gotten gains of the thief and the burglar. Legislation has of recent years been passed to enable all such grounds to be taken over and maintained as public open spaces by the local and central municipal authorities, and I doubt not that within fifty years there will be few of these churchyards and burial grounds which will not be centres of health, of beauty, and of happiness to the living, as well as a more fitting memorial of the dead. No one who has seen these neglected graveyards in their original condition, and then watched the transformation scene effected by a skilful and reverent-minded landscape gardener, can doubt for one moment which state does most honour to the memory of the dead. The law forbids the playing of noisy games, and no landscape gardener worthy of the name will alter the position of a gravestone if he can help it, and never under any circumstances destroy it, bury it, or remove it far from its original position.

The 257 open spaces of London vary in size from Epping Forest, with its 5,348 acres, to Russell Court open-air playground in crowded Drury Lane, having an area about equal to a good-sized drawing-room.

The most expensive ground in proportion to area, but perhaps the most needed, was the Tench Street Recreation Ground in Wapping, which, although only 2 acres 2 roods in extent, cost over £52,000; but this site was cleared not with a view to the formation of an open space, but as an insani-

tary area. The Council, considering the peculiarly over-populated condition and poor character of the neighbourhood, very wisely determined, after the site was cleared of houses, not to build over it again, but to lay it out and maintain it partly as a garden, partly as a playground, fitted up with swings and gymnastic apparatus. London is for the moment well enough supplied with large parks: her more immediate needs are a large number of small gardens and playgrounds in the heart of the crowded districts, and more cricket and football fields accessible to her youthful population in the suburbs. A great deal has lately been done in both these directions. Anyone who wishes to see a well-used playground should visit, on a Saturday afternoon, the site of the old Horsemonger Lane Gaol, in Union Street, Borough. It is 1 acre 3 roods in extent, was laid out by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, and handed over by them to the Newington Vestry for maintenance. It is divided into two portions, one reserved exclusively for girls and the other for boys. A census taken on a Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, in the summer of 1884, showed that 2,372 2,315, and 3,850 children had visited it on those days. The late County Council, by the formation of a Games Committee, have been enabled to make the parks under their charge of use to a much larger number of cricket and football players than in former years, and the Playing Fields Committee, a voluntary association under the able chairmanship of the Hon. Chandos Leigh, has done excellent work in providing suburban grounds for the large number of young men able to pay for their amusement, who otherwise would crowd out of the public parks their poorer brother athletes. Anyone who visits the Thames Embankment on a summer evening will discover that the energetic youth of London have turned this noble thoroughfare into a metropolitan running ground, and a better use could not be found for it. Here the young men who have been pent up all day, sitting on the proverbial three-legged stools, are able to stretch their limbs in healthy exercise and breathe into their lungs the freshest and purest air in London. That exercise in the open air is necessary for these growing boys no one can doubt who has seen how short of stature, how narrow-chested, how physically weak is the average genuine town-bred lad when compared with his country or suburban cousin. The time may come when this will be altered. If physical exercise be made compulsory in the case of every healthy metropolitan boy and girl, if every school be provided with a playground open to the children, and not closed, as is too often the

case at present, on Saturdays and Sundays; if School Boards consider it part of their duty to see that every child's body, before any attempt is made to impart intellectual knowledge, has been made as far as possible physically capable of receiving and assimilating such knowledge; if, when the boy grows into the young man, and the girl into the young woman, care be taken by the municipal authorities that both shall have the opportunity of keeping themselves in health by the provision of pure air, pure water, pure and cheap food, public baths, gymnasia, and numerous parks and gardens at convenient distances from their homes, and if short hours of labour with easy means of transit to the country be provided, then there is no reason why town-bred youths should be in any marked degree inferior in *physique* to those brought up in the country. Indeed, it is possible that the former might surpass the latter in bodily strength as well as in intelligence, owing to the difficulty of providing a country population with the above numerated advantages for the preservation of health. A proof of this seems to be that the finest men in the police force do not, as a rule, come from the country, but from the small country towns, where they have enjoyed the health advantages peculiar to both town and country.

When the more imperative needs of the hour have been met, London should endeavour to transform some of its widest thoroughfares into boulevards. The Marylebone, Euston, and City roads already possess the trees, and could easily be converted into fine avenues if the dreary private gardens in front of the houses were purchased by the municipality, and thrown into the roadway, preserving the fine timber. The suburban parks should be united, as in many American cities, by broad parkways, so that it might be possible, as in Chicago, to drive nearly round the town without ever leaving either a boulevard, a garden, or a park; and lastly, the needs of the future should be considered by the judicious purchase of land at a cheap rate in the country with a view to its future invasion by the town. If our ancestors had had a little more foresight in regard to the growth of London, and had purchased some of the suburban parks and commons, Londoners would have been spared the enormous expense which they have had in recent years to pay in order to make up for the neglect of past ages. Let us set a better example to our successors, and not hesitate to purchase land in the neighbourhood of London for parks while it can be obtained at a cheap rate, and where there is unmistakable evidence that the town is increasing and is likely to grow for many years to come in the direction of the new park.

To my mind the ideal town should be possessed of children's playgrounds, to which no boy should be admitted over ten or twelve years of age, and which should be placed under the charge of an able-bodied woman, and be situated within a quarter-of-a-mile of every working man's house. These playgrounds should be provided with shelters in case of rain, and with swings, see-saws, and games. It should be possible for every woman on fine days to bring her children with their mid-day meal to one of these grounds, and leave them there under the charge of the caretaker until she fetched them away in the evening. It would be an immense boon to many an over-worked mother to be able to bring her children for a certain number of hours in the day to a place where she would feel assured that they would be happy and cared for, while she could give her undivided attention to the necessary work of the house.

I have spoken principally of the advantages of numerous small open spaces to the young, but how about the adults! Do they never require to get away from the noise and worry of their sordid habitations? Does the young man never long for some quiet corner amid trees, and surrounded by flowers and water and the beauties of nature, where he may whisper soft nothings to his love? Does the thought never enter the working class matron's mind that she would be the happier and the better could she occasionally, on a fine summer's day, take her work or a book to a neighbouring garden, and for a brief hour change the current of her thoughts, and raise them above the dull grinding routine of household cares? Would the working man not prefer to discuss his dinner, his pipe, and his newspaper seated on a comfortable bench away from the scene of his labours, its dirt, and its commonplace surroundings? And to the invalid, to whom all violent noise or exertion is a torture, what an anodyne would prove the soft chirping of birds, the splash of falling waters, and the sleepy hum of insect life! To the aged, too, to those who have done with life's conflicts, what can be more fitting than in their declining years to be brought into closer contact with that Nature on whose sheltering bosom they are shortly about to recline their weary heads.

We who live in towns are too far separated from Nature. Let us each in our sphere do our best to restore to her the dominion which, through our treachery or that of our ancestors, she has temporarily lost, and we may rest assured that by reinstating her in the position which is her due we ourselves shall be the gainers.

MEATH.

WOMEN, CLERGYMEN, AND DOCTORS.

THE Church Congress at Folkestone brought into public prominence a controversy which is not so important in itself as are some of the lessons to be deduced from it. A few prelates and a canon of the Church have joined forces with a leading lady to carry on a warfare in a spirit and by methods which are a mediæval revival. Canon Wilberforce, who has assumed the leadership for the nonce, has publicly claimed for "women and clergymen" privileges which, if admitted, would sap the foundations of truth and make public discussion of ethical or scientific questions in which they take part intolerable, if not impossible. The whole "campaign" against research has been conducted by them with the aid of methods which are, happily, unknown in our times or in modern experience. A little time and space will therefore not be wasted in examining the character of the discussion.

Speaking in their clerical character, the spokesmen of the Church have represented the attitude of men of science, when resenting their language and exposing their fabrications, as an attack upon religion and morality. This is a sophism which may be brushed away at the outset. To expose the false statements and disingenuous proceedings of a priest is often the best service to religion; men such as those who on behalf of medicine and the claims of suffering humanity reluctantly undertook this task, after years of obloquy and insult patiently endured, are not persons who can be even plausibly charged with indifference to sacred subjects or with religious agnosticism. When women and clergymen ascend the platform and ply the Press with false expositions of science, it is not inopportune for scientific men to examine their claims to ethical purism in the matter. Rushing in where angels might fear to tread, they have assumed a superior morality, a higher scientific knowledge, and a pontifical right to anathematise medicine and all her most honoured followers throughout the world. Let us briefly review the case.

The charge against Miss Cobbe, her accomplices, and abettors is very much more serious than either she or they are willing to admit. They

have presumed upon the sympathy of their friends in the Press, and upon the notorious carelessness of the general reader, to pass off their offence as one which, in their own words, is venial and slight: consisting, as Mr. Berdoe has put it in one of his last published letters, of "unintentional and accidental omissions which might possibly be misleading."

Now, Miss Cobbe, in her preface to *The Nine Circles*, expressly stated that "so far as it has been possible, the use or absence of anæsthetics has been noticed in regard to all the experiments cited in this book, and the reader may form his own opinion respecting the sufferings not mitigated by any effectual anæsthetic." This statement is made as part of what she describes as "a succinct refutation of the ever-repeated falsehood" that the experiments performed in this country, under the sanction of what she describes as the Vivisection Act, 1876 (true title, "Act for the Better Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"), are of a less cruel kind than those alleged to be performed abroad. It was to prove this thesis that Miss Cobbe cited twenty-six operations by English observers as having been done, without chloroform or ether, upon living animals. In twenty of these it was publicly known and had been publicly printed, in the very sources from which she states she derived her information, that either morphia or chloroform or ether had been administered. In some of the others the animal was dead. Yet this is the very basis on which her charges rest. On such grounds Miss Cobbe has at various times stated that scientific men are imbued with the "savagery of a wolf or tiger," that the pursuit of science is "a devil-like fashion"; she has assailed them for vice and hypocrisy; as "fiendish tormentors, godlessly inhuman"; she has announced for them "deep damnation"; and has declared that the spirit of scientific research is the "lust of cruelty of the very pit itself." After exhausting her vocabulary of abusive appellations, she says that any eminent physiologist or pathologist who may attempt to find out by experiment on living animals a secret or function of life in health or disease is thereby "degraded below the hog to the fiend." Thinking apparently that she might fabricate inventions of unimaginable infamy against foreigners with impunity, she has ventured to assert as a fact that in Germany the "claims of science have risen so high" that the patients in the hospitals are commonly referred to by the medical men as "beasts for research." It is probable that no one of the male sex would venture upon a fabrication so gross, a false charge so malignant and so utterly unfounded. Miss Cobbe then proceeds, by implication, to heap a last insult and the

basest of all insinuations on the surgeons of England. She charges them, too, with subjecting patients to frightful operations in order to register discoveries, even when they were the inevitable precursors of death. This letter was written in the last few weeks. To point her insult and to barb her falsehood, she asks of that most eminent, tender-hearted and philosophic surgeon, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, a member of the Society of Friends, late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, whether "all this" is, in his opinion, "precisely as it should be," and, assuming with inconceivable mendacity that it exists, she goes on to complain by deduction that the consciences of medical men are "sadly dormant." Having woven this tissue of falsified, fabricated, and wicked misstatement, having embroidered it with every epithet of moral insult and theological denunciation, with appeals to the Almighty for dire and everlasting punishment, with dramatic representations of the archangel Michael entering on the scene to carry out her pet system of vengeances and having done all this for years in books, pamphlets, and leaflets, of which she boasts that she has circulated hundreds of thousands, she takes refuge, when confronted with the facts, and when her falsities are exposed in a plain and convincing manner, behind "The Privilege of Her Womanhood." She claims to be excused from verifying any one of her whole series of fabrications, or humbling herself in deep apology. Gathering around her the soiled skirts of unveracity, she slinks from the arena with the whimpering plaint that she cannot endure to be told that nineteen out of twenty of her statements are demonstrably false, and that the twentieth can only be described in the Saxon synonym for a falsehood. In vain did Mr. Peek come forward in the *Times* with a proffered contribution of £50 and suggest to her to clear her character before a legal tribunal. She had been charged, and proof stated, with a deliberate falsehood and fraud: if this were untrue, the charge was more than a moral disgrace, it was a legal injury; it was a libel for which only the justification of truth could be pleaded. Her followers vainly besought her to clear her character of the imputation of repeated untruthfulness on the most vital statements, but the lady who did not shrink from calumny in its acutest form, for whom the English language was too poor in its vocabulary to afford free scope to her riotous abuse, shrank from the perils of the witness box, and has ventured to say in print what she does not dare to verify on oath. It is almost time, therefore, to ask what privilege of womanhood this is which Miss Cobbe claims for herself,

and her special following of clerical friends assert on her behalf. Is it the privilege of unlimited abuse, unchecked fabrication, boundless insult, reckless vilification, and the ascription to the most eminent leaders of one of the noblest of professions of ferocity worthy of a Nero, and the falsehood of an Ananias? Is this privilege to be associated with absolute immunity from plain words of denial and disproof? As the final scene of her appearance in this phase of the controversy, in which she has played so sad a part, Miss Cobbe appears on the platform, before a selected audience composed chiefly of women, and is introduced by a canon of the Church as "a white-souled and noble-hearted woman," and, after joking and weeping by turns in true hysterical fashion, retires to her Welsh home "very happy and delighted." If these be claimed as the privileges of womanhood, it would be time that those who have any regard for the principles of morality in discussion, for the elementary laws of truth and fair dealing, should decline to have anything to do with women in public discussion, or to attach any weight to their most solemn statements or their most touching appeals. But it is a libel on womanhood to claim any such privilege on their behalf, and the part which Miss Cobbe has played in these stages of this sad controversy is no more becoming to her womanhood than it is justifiable on any ordinary grounds of honour and honesty. We may feel sure that if the several hundred women in the audience had had an opportunity given them of hearing the facts, as they are, from that platform, Miss Cobbe's retirement to her Welsh home might have been less "exceedingly happy," but would have been conducted under circumstances possibly more conducive to the interests of public morality.

But let us turn from the part which women have played in this extraordinary and shameless campaign to that which has been taken by a few leading clergymen. I am glad to say that there is reason to hope and believe that their followers are exceedingly few, although those who have appeared on the platform claim attention by the high position which they hold in the Church. The Dean of Bristol has taken an early opportunity of declaring their language to be "a disgrace to the cloth." The three clerical notabilities who have committed themselves to a direct complicity with the vile charges and the stream of abuse levelled by Miss Cobbe at the heads of the medical profession, and indeed at the whole medical profession, are Bishop Barry, Dr. Moorhouse (Bishop of Manchester), and Canon Wilber-

force. Let it be remembered, as to Bishop Barry, that he has had every opportunity of knowing the truth, and has deliberately followed the worse path. At King's College, and as Principal of the College, he was the colleague, and, in a sense, the responsible head of a body of professors, among whom were some of the most renowned and active experimental researchers of the medical world. He was a colleague of Lister, whose experimental researches have, in the judgment of the civilised world, and by the universal voice of the surgeons of the Continent of Europe and of America, as of our own country, saved more lives in our own generation than Napoleon destroyed, and prevented more anguish and pain, cut short more millions of hours of suffering after operation, of agonies on the battlefield and in the war hospitals, than human imagination can well compass. King's College was quick to invite him to transfer to that College the glory of his renown and the attractions of his fame: Dr. Barry, as Principal, was proud to call colleague the man whom he now, as prelate, grossly vilifies and insults. But, besides Lister, there was Ferrier, one of the true heroes of modern medical achievement in perfecting diagnosis; Ferrier, who has opened the way to the greatest of modern advances in the medical and surgical treatment of diseases of the brain and nervous system, by which M'Ewen and Horsley have accomplished curative marvels which are already historic. There were half a dozen others, whom it would be tedious to enumerate, whose experimental researches were carried on under the sanction of his name and the direct implication of his authority. That was the time and that was the place where Dr. Barry could have challenged the course of his colleagues; he could have examined the grounds of their justification; and if he verily believes that, to use his own words, "God has not given us any right to gain even advantages for ourselves" (meaning thereby for our suffering brethren) "by research and experiment," and if he verily believes that "no such advantages exist," how does he justify for himself this long course of tampering with his own conscience, of presiding with complacency over a council of men who, according to his present statement, were not only violating God's law, which he was placed there to preach and to carry out, but were doing so without even gaining any such advantage for humanity as they pretend to gain? If this be indeed "a sacred battle" he has chosen a strange time and a strange way to fight it. When he was responsible and in power he held his peace. Now he has made himself an accomplice and an accessory after the fact with

persons convicted of continuous untruth; and this he has done with high-sounding phraseology drawn from Scripture and with a profession of superior truthfulness and higher morality which, taken in conjunction with the evasion of his plain responsibilities in the matter, leave a most painful impression. Canon Wilberforce stands in a different, and in many respects even a sadder and more painful position. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Total Abolition and Suppression of Vivisection in this year, Canon Wilberforce characterised scientific investigators as "inhuman devils." For this he was very properly challenged, and urged to withdraw or prove such an abominable imputation on men of honour and known humanity. Such justification Canon Wilberforce refused to accord, and as a matter of fact repeated the offensive expression with much detail in a letter that was published in the *Zoophilist*, and in which he particularised Professor Goltz as one of those to whom he dared to apply the term. To maintain the false position he had taken up, he specified Professor Goltz's researches, and although, to give a semblance of truth to his allegations, he quoted with full reference the German physiologist's original papers, he nevertheless suppressed all mention of the fact that the experiments he was thus maligning were wholly conducted under anæsthesia. Such dishonourable conduct, for it can be called no other, was fully exposed by Mr. Horsley at the Folkestone Congress. His last state is indeed even worse than his first, for (when taking the chair at the enthusiastic special meeting at St. James's Hall) he repeated, as he said, at leisure and with composure, the proved and convicted falsehoods and the hideous abuse which, as he intimated, some charitable persons had believed to have "escaped from him in a hurry." He further added to them new statements deliberately false. He said that "he saw with amusement that in the present phase of the controversy, and for the first time, that a vivisector positively looks upon it as the gravest possible accusation that he should perform an operation except under the influence of anæsthetics." If amusement for a public meeting of this kind is only to be procured by absolute misstatement and distinct falsity, a canon of the Church claiming simultaneously to speak in the name "of the great evolutionist Jesus of Nazareth," should assuredly beware of making himself the Merry Andrew of the occasion. There is no honest merriment to be gained by a statement such as this, which is the opposite to the truth. What researchers had complained of was that he and his colleagues had charged them, quite

untruly, with having performed operations, without anæsthetics, which had been (as was stated in the very memoirs from which he quoted) performed painlessly under the full influence of chloroform or ether. With the plain statement of the truth all the fun evaporates. Fun which can only be purchased at the price of truth should be a kind of humour from which men in the position of Canon Wilberforce, and speaking in the most sacred name, should shun as they would an accursed thing. He went on to say, "We challenge the whole profession to tell us plainly, clearly, and categorically what victories over the thousand and one ills to which flesh is heir they are able to attribute to their researches upon living animals. They will not answer us. They either take their refuge like the cuttle-fish in a cloud of ink, or they take their refuge in a new sacerdotalism." Now, if this were true it would be a fair thing to say; it would afford some faint justification for his own ignorance and for his bold assertion that the people who perform these operations deserve no other name than the name of inhuman devils; but when Canon Wilberforce said these things to the three hundred enthusiastic ladies in front of him, he at least knew well that a solemn public inquiry had been held in 1876, lasting from July 5th to December 10th, and conducted by men such as Lord Cardwell, Lord Winmarleigh, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Sir John Karslake and Professor Huxley, Mr. Erichsen and Mr. Hutton of the *Spectator;* that before them the leading surgeons, physicians, and physiologists of Great Britain had given a minute, detailed, and voluminous statement, and that this statement was printed and published, and is of the very kind which he unblushingly declared them to have evaded. Among those who afforded this detailed evidence were Sir Thomas Watson, Sir George Burroughs, Sir James Paget, Dr. Sharpey, Sir George Humphry, Sir Henry Acland, Professor Rolleston, Dr. Alfred Swayne Taylor, Sir John Simon, Dr. Pavy, Dr. Pye-Smith, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Professor Rutherford, Sir William Turner, Dr. Ferrier, Dr. Lauder Brunton, Sir Joseph Lister, Professor McKendrick, and others. He knew, and knew well, that those able, humane, and judicially-minded Commissioners were selected for those qualities by the Minister of the Crown, and specially charged by a Royal letter to take note of Her Majesty's horror in hearing and reading of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergo (from unscientific persons), and of her "fear that this was sometimes the case in experiments in the pursuit of science." He knew that after this full

investigation these Commissioners (including Forster, Karslake, and Hutton) unanimously reported that "it would require a voluminous treatise to exhibit in a consecutive statement the benefits that medicine and surgery had derived from these discoveries." He knew that they referred especially to the careful notes laid before them by Professor Turner of the history of various great discoveries in medicine and surgery; and that they directed particular attention to his evidence and to that of Dr. McKendrick, both of which are extremely explicit and detailed as to the extent to which practical medicine has been improved by physiological experiment. The detailed evidence of both these gentlemen is printed in the famous report of the Royal Commission on the Practice of Subjecting Live Animals to Experiment for Scientific Researches, presented to Parliament in 1876, and published as a Blue-book which is of standard fame. He knew that the whole medical profession have repeatedly endorsed, confirmed, and approved the accuracy of those statements and of those conclusions; so that he is boldly standing up out of the depth of his ignorance and the extremity of his presumption to contradict the approved statements of the whole scientific world and to give the lie to the united professors of medicine, surgery, and physiology in every capital and city of the world. And on the basis of such ignorance and such assumption are founded continuous calumny and theological denunciation of unheard-of bitterness.

To give even a semblance of justification to such a course, and a thin varnish of plausibility, he has had to invent a special physiological eminence for a prominent provincial gynæcologist who assuredly would never have thought of claiming physiological eminence for himself, and on whose behalf such a claim could only raise a smile. Guided, however, by this gentleman, for whom he ludicrously professes for the occasion what he described as "a true hero-worship" of himself and the whole company, he undertakes to deprive Harvey of the credit which that illustrious worthy takes to himself of having, mainly by experiments on the living heart, discovered the theory of the circulation; he intimates that Harvey need not have discovered it, for that someone else would have discovered it fifty years afterwards by observing the course of the blood through the living lung or the frog's foot with the aid of the microscope—a suggestion so elaborately ludicrous that it is of itself enough to dispose of the claims of Canon Wilberforce or of his physiological hero even to understand the elements of what they are talking about. It is too childish for refutation, but apparently not too silly for platform consumption and to

be used as the chief weapon in the armoury of a canon of the Church eager to insult a kindred profession; and of a gynæcological *Athanasius contra mundum*, so described by him whom he summons from the provinces to abet him in the anathema. So much for the part which this sprinkling of clerical revilers have played in this matter, not much to their credit or to the honour of their cloth, and not, I feel assured, to the satisfaction or even approval of the great body of the clergymen. These are too well aware of the humanity, the truthfulness of the medical men whom they know, and meet, and trust in the daily battle against physical and moral suffering, not to know also that they may be trusted neither to countenance any deliberate system of evasion in statement of fact, or of cruelty in practice, or of complicity with inhuman devilry, such as Canon Wilberforce hideously and falsely lays to the charge of the whole profession, with a strange mixture of unctuousness, invective, and professed amusement.

A few words in conclusion as to the part of the doctors in this matter. There is no honoured and respected name in the whole world of medicine, surgery, and pathology which has not been affixed to the solemn declaration which the Royal Commission has endorsed: that the benefits which experimental research has conferred upon the healing art are so innumerable that to recite and describe them in a manner to do justice to the theme would require a voluminous treatise. Year by year they grow and are added to with ever-increasing volume. It is not possible to feel a pulse without benefiting by the discoveries of Harvey; to listen to the respiration or the heart-sounds without benefiting by the experiments of Boyle and of Hope. Asellius taught us by experiment the uses of the lymphatics; Bell, the structure and functions of the spinal cord: knowledge made more practically applicable by subsequent research by men such as Marshall Hall, Brown H. Séquard, Gaskell, and Horsley; Hitzig and Ferrier have revolutionised our knowledge of the structure, function, and pathology of the brain and its treatment in disease; Lister, Pasteur, and Koch have renewed the institutes of medicine and created bacteriology and a new science of preventive medicine; Jenner has been the greatest of all human benefactors. There are a few "cranks" who deny that the earth is round. To them, and to them only, can the handful of singular beings be compared who undertake at this day to furnish Dr. Wilberforce and Miss Cobbe with the statement that experimental research is otherwise than fundamental to medical knowledge and the progress of the healing art. The evidence is not only

abundant and overwhelming, but it "leaps into the eyes" in every occurrence of everyday medical practice. The "anti-vivisectionist" can no more escape from enjoying the benefits of experimental research, if he consults a doctor for the most trifling ailment, than can the Buddhist avoid destroying animal life by inhaling through a veil or treading gingerly as he walks. If serious men among clergymen or newspaper editors choose to march through Coventry with such a scientific following, they are the masters of the procession, but they cannot fairly conceal from themselves the ridiculous and discreditable character of the show.

But there are two final general propositions to be considered. Much talk is made about them, but they are quite hollow and may be easily pricked. The one is that if the experimental infliction of pain on animals be productive of all the advantages to suffering humanity which the practically unanimous voice of the physicians, and surgeons, and physiologists of the whole world proclaims, and has long proclaimed, nevertheless it is not permissible to inflict such pain or to profit by it. It is, of course, premised and accepted that such pain shall not be useless or unnecessary pain, and that it shall be limited and restrained to a minimum, and as far as and wherever possible abolished by anæsthetics and narcotics. Scientists have not waited for humanitarians or laymen to lay down those conditions: they were formulated by the physiologists themselves at the British Association in 1865. Starting from this datum, what is the position? Do the extreme revilers of experimental research frankly accept the principle of prohibition of the infliction of pain on animals, for themselves; in their daily life, in the satisfaction of their daily appetite at table, in the pursuit of their agricultural interests in the farmyards? Do they give any consideration to, and do they profit by, unnecessary cruelties in preparing horses for the purpose of riding and driving, in the operations of the farmyard preliminary to the production of their daily mutton chop, or rib of beef, their prandial pullet, their matutinal rasher, their trapped rabbit? What of their manly sport their coursed hare, their wounded and miserably dying pigeons, pheasants, partridges? What of their treatment of the old maid's tom-cat; of the gelding, of the boar, of the ox, of the sow? More mutilation and prolonged agony, without thought of anæthesia, go to make up each morning the breakfast-table of the Metropolis than in all the laboratories of the world through half a century. To dispense with the infliction of pain upon animals for purposes which mankind consider necessary to their lower purposes of convenience, gain, and good

feeding may be a moral duty; I should not raise a voice against it; but it would largely revolutionise the ordinary business of life, and alter the habits of those who profit by it every hour and only denounce it when it is applied to a science of which they are ignorant and to which they are blindly hostile; and when its objects and uses are to add to knowledge and to prolong human life, which they untruly and hypocritically pretend to be willing to sacrifice. The conduct of the Duke of Newcastle and of many other patrons and members of the society to which I have referred, proves that this last pretence is hypocritical, and of this many other notable instances could be given.

But, says Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P., with much superfluous expletive, the practice is immoral, and must be "degrading." For Mr. Russell to apply such an hypothetical insult to men such as, say, Paget, Lister, Clark, Burdon Sanderson, Humphry, Jonathan Hutchinson, Horsley, Ferrier, Brunton, is itself a palpable outrage. But it is also an unthinking and shallow absurdity; it is a schoolboy crudity, long since exposed. Let Lord Cardwell, Mr. Hutton and Mr. Forster, and their colleagues, answer Mr. Russell, as by anticipation they did in a document with which he ought to be familiar: "The tendency to demoralisation," they reported, "is connected, as the shadow with the substance, with the rightness or the wrongness of the thing itself," and referring even to lecture experiments before students they added, "and the evidence we have above quoted seems to show conclusively that at the medical schools, where such demonstrations are exhibited under anæsthetics, the moral sense of the students is not, in fact, impaired."

I claim, therefore, to be right in saying that the reactionary campaign against knowledge and progress has been marked by features of mediæval ignorance and a special theological disingenuousness. It is based upon a denial of proved facts which are attested by universal medical knowledge and declaration; it is barbed with insult and malignity; weighted with virulent denunciation for which there has been no parallel for the last two hundred years; it braves and expects to survive exposure; it repeats, unblushingly, proved falsehood, and at each turn invents a new one. It aims at intimidating, by threatening the fame and fortune of blameless and, happily, fearless votaries of medicine; it assails the fame of charities and hospitals. Its methods are as immoral as its case is hollow, its doctrines hypocritical. It is, indeed, lamentable that even a few "women, clergymen, and doctors" should be found to persist in the ill-deserved support of it.

ERNEST HART.

THE MEN OF PEACE: A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

PEOPLE who study the laws of psychical intercourse do not use the word supernatural. They hold that whatever exists, be it so-called spiritual or so-called material, is governed by those laws of God which we call the laws of Nature, and can in no logical sense be called *super*natural. That spirit is the reality, and matter but the expression of that reality, has been a favourite doctrine with all the metaphysicians worthy of the name from the Hindoo philosophers through Spinosa down to the modern transcendentalists, and it is significant that the scientists of our day are driven, though most reluctantly, to the recognition of the great fact enunciated by Kant, that whatever may be the nature of the external universe, it is our senses alone which give to it all its apparent realities.

Now that psychical phenomena are in some degree recognised by scientific men; now that well educated people begin to realise more and more the possibility of the unseen universe interpenetrating the universe that is seen, it is less the fashion than it used to be to tell a ghost story with the preliminary, "Of course, I don't believe it," and the final, "Of course, it is all nonsense." For this we are in no small degree indebted to the Society for Psychical Research, its careful accumulation of declared evidence of "Phantasms of the Living," and its prudent undeclared evidence of phantasms of the so-called dead, the acceptance of which will no doubt soon follow.

There are few people who think at all who have not at all events got a glimmering of the theoretical fourth dimension of space and extension in the realm of sense by which such phenomena can be accounted for. The believer, the half-believer, and the scoffer may all unite in agreeing that the ways of the ancestral haunting ghost are at present inscrutable, or even that the haunting ghost is of an apocryphal race. Still, these visitations from the supermundane world remain obtrusive in history, ancient and modern, and cannot be got rid of. In Europe—one might say in the world—the belief concerning ghosts is hideous. If it (a ghost, we must remember, is almost always an It)—if it has not escaped from under its own grey stone, "which it loves to contemplate," it has escaped from some dark dormitory, or house, or

furnace, wherein the soul is locked till "the crack of doom"! Helping to make the ghost a source of scorn to the public when not a source of nightmare, there is the stage ghost. Is it to harmonise with grim superstition that it (the stage ghost) drones in sepulchral monotones? that it has a habit of moving its limbs as if ashamed of them? that it slides, or struts, or stalks (generally to the accompaniment of shaky chords)? that its face to all appearance is moulded in putty? that in all ways as regards behaviour and bearing the stage ghost comports itself in as impossible a fashion as any human soul could or would who had ever lived and moved a human soul on earth? This is only a fair reflection. Think of Hamlet's father as a man—that is to say, of Hamlet's father as Shakespeare gloriously pictures him;—then in contrast think of his ghost as we generally see it on the stage.

"See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Horatio remarks to Hamlet that his father's ghost would much amaze him. How much more would it amaze the spirit of the real Hamlet should he see his father's spirit as he is generally represented on the stage! A curious reflection, perhaps, but why should your ghost so sadly deteriorate when you visit your relations? Well may Hamlet sigh, "Alas, poor ghost!" And though Hamlet's father—I mean the ghost—utters things which one feels it were best he had forgotten, still Horatio observes his courtesy—

"Look, with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground."

Now, it will be conceded that the courteous action is hardly apparent; indeed, if we accept in all good sooth the ghost's own statement literally as to where it came from (which is difficult), still the purging fires would not account for an appearance savouring of the grave. When *dead men* speak, all is up! None can be more alive to this than the art managers of the present day, and the realism of the ideal in stage ghosts is no doubt what their refined and cultivated intellectualism will bring about. For the present have they not the taste and understanding of their public to consider? The city-bug is popular, and the real dug-up

ghost is what they wish to see. Whether such a resurrection will suit the instinct of the rising generation is questionable! If evidence of ghost-seeing be accepted at all, it rather predicts a future when our "knotted and combined locks" will remain undisturbed in presence of other-world visitors, and that to the attuned senses of the soul on earth the freed soul will thus be enabled in as tuneful tones to disabuse the world concerning their condition. Escaped from the burden of mortality, are they not pilgrims through the unseen and pilgrims of return, who, like the swallow, sometimes build in their chimneys of aforetimes rather than towards the sun? If unintelligible to us as we are, at least not unintelligible to God. But there are other hauntings—hauntings of freed souls drawn by affection to those they have left on earth. These are not perplexing at all. There is a story I have read, which is of interest as being at least two centuries old, "told by the wisest man in Kingussie, Inverness-shire, for the benefit of one whom the relator considered at the time as the foolishest woman in the neighbouring parish." Translated from the Gaelic, I give it as it was written:—

"There was in Glenfeshie a poor woman whose husband and children had died and left her without support; and so, when she was deprived of all, she saw nothing better than to submit to the will of her Master and go (with your leave) to ask help from her neighbours. They were kind to her, because she was ever faithful and blameless. But then a year of scarcity came on, and she did not wish to burden her kind neighbours, but went down to Strathspey, which you know to be a better corn country. She, being considerate, wished to find her night lodgings where the trouble would be least felt. She went to the house of a rich childless tenant, who (with your leave) was a sort of churl. This tenant was also (with your leave) very good to himself.

"You have known many people who, though they do not like to give, like well to hear. He was just one of those people. So he asked the poor widow much of whom she was and whence she came. She told all the truth, and the rich carle's conscience was awakened; and he said to himself, 'Here am I that have abundance, and never knew the heartache of losing a child; yet I have murmured against the Highest for not giving me were it but a single one. This woman has nothing left. She is bereaved of children who have looked in her face and warmed her heart. She is come in the cold, ill-shod and over rough ground; yet she praises the Almighty, and looks satisfied.'

"So this man ordered the woman her supper, and a bed in the corner farthest from the fire. Well, to bed she went, which was of short, broken straw upon the ground. These were good days, when southern fashions, of dividing houses and such useless niceties, were unknown. There was nothing taken off the house but the pantry.

"This man, being very rich for a tenant, and loving ease, lay on a feather bed. Very ill, however, he rested; and by the glimmer of the fire he could see the poor woman's hard bed in the distant corner where she slept.

"Midnight came, and the embers were dying, when he saw a procession approach from the door—six bright lights followed by a small greenish one, like a candle burning in the socket.

"Three times he saw these lights move round the bed of the sleeper, and thrice he saw the disordered straw and the clothes about it smoothed and regulated by seven pairs of little hands. The lights returned the way they came; and the man, filled with wonder, could sleep no more. In the morning he told the woman what he had seen, and how much he was surprised to see her sleep so sound upon her hard bed of straw, while he was so restless upon his bed of warmth and softness. 'Wonder not,' said the mendicant; 'I know what you saw, and well know what it means. My children died before they had done evil. Each of them, I have faith to believe, is a light in the presence of the Holiest. I had six, which were the lights you saw; and one born untimely, which was the dim light which followed. They come nightly to smooth the bed of my repose; they cheer my dreams, and the time is very short till I rejoin them. The Blessed Father has not forsaken me.'"

The power which binds—which always binds—which eye hath seen, which ear hath heard, which eye and ear accept not, I know that this is called superstition by those who ride upon the infinite wheels of eternity. But is not this another word for contempt? Contempt!—and for what? Contempt for those who have gathered their spirit kindred around them; contempt for the core of the green tree high up there; contempt for a possession of far-reaching reality—wonderful—infinite!

The gift of second sight is more prevalent among mountain races than others. This may arise from the isolation of mountain life and the consequent lack of the education of commerce—an education which, in re-fashioning our human lenses for viewing the commonplaces of life, does so at the expense of our spiritual vision. Nothing tends more to blunt the soul-senses—those senses which we may call clear-hearing, clear-seeing (second sight), or, in one word, clear-feeling—than the development of a false intellectualism, the fatal veneer called civilisation. How many a picturesque other-world tale is spoilt when told by those who are absolutely ignorant of every phase of psychical phenomena partly through the narrowness of their education, partly through the wilful shutting up of their own spiritual lenses of vision by which we have been told that spiritual things alone can be spiritually discerned. As a writer says, "When a beaver, torn away from his house, his kindred, and his woods and dams, is forced into an unnatural state of

domestication, he busies himself with awkward and fruitless assiduity in piling up sticks at the door of the house to which he is attached. With perverse and ludicrous eagerness he continues to obstruct the entrance by toiling without an object or an end; yet it is this salutary instinct that, when permitted to take its natural course, works wonders of utility, but, which checked and perverted, produces absurdity. The beaver's credulity is that of certain unbelievers—incredulity borne and fostered by convention, incredulity which is really credulity—superstition."

It is a common thing for people to wonder why, if spirit communion be true, direct proofs of it are not a common good given to all. It is little understood that, to get at the soul, spirits have to work through, to penetrate, as it were, the mind atmosphere we have created around us, for on our mind atmosphere are reflected our conditions of thought in years past, conditions more or less turbulent when once the burning atom of thought is laid across memory. "All that we are is the result of what we have thought, it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts."*

The reason why hardly anyone can accept the simple truths which our angels would teach us is, that they must be revealed to babes. Thus we have, to our humiliation, the wise and holy saying fulfilled. It is an old truism that the penetrative imagination of childhood travels direct, never by circuitous paths. Let us alone then, before crowding into nature's grave, nature's theogony, before muddling for us every branch or subject-branch of inquiry, for we are fairies in the lists till the demon of dogma infests us, holding us in a leash.

Near the very nests of the wild ones I used to adore the unseen forces are still at work. The cairn at my lovely Highland home, where the white phantom hare, "that they were saying" was a *brideag*,† appeared at nightfall before the lonely piper, lightening his steps home through the dangerous glen by the whiteness of its sport as it "loupet" to his pibroch's wail out of mist into mist again. And across the loch the ruined Castle of Dunderave, to where the affronted brownie or *Bodach Glas*‡ swam from the old house of Ardkinglas, when he fell out there with the inhabitants. "He wad turn the bannocks on the girdle and mind the Laird's parritch, but whiles he wad be quirky an' kin' o' spitefu', an' wad tak' the gee§ an' awa'!" For his homely offices (for which

* Buddaghosha's Parables. † Faery guardian or guardian spirit (Gaelic).
‡ Grey old man. § Take the huff.

brownies have ever been celebrated) it was evident he was not duly thanked. But this was long ago. The offended brownies in Skye, I have heard, still "gar* the peat hags flee." Then there is down the lochside the Faeries' Knowe, called in Gaelic *Sithean Sluaich*,† or Hill of Hosts, or Hill of the Men of Peace. All up and under this hill, the hosts have made their nests, like ants after a storm, united in one great strip of Heaven. Not elementaries these, nor wandering shades, waiting for "a crack of doom"; but spirits are these hosts, spirits who are faeries, faeries or spirits, once shepherds on earth fifteen hundred years ago, shepherds now of the beautiful, starring in things for God, to carry ultimately to Heaven, the spirit germ of the beautiful made perfect by the spirit being a condition of Heaven; happy haunters of glorified, green "tomhans" or knolls, and of endless woods, and straths, and bens of the endless Highland heavens—this according to their own record, according to tradition Men of Peace.

It may be asked how have they not quite broken the manners of their time? "men to whom, in their darkened age, every spring was a pasturage." It may be answered, perhaps, for them, it is not long ago that the world began! Shall we live here, or shall we live there? How soon? how long? Better far to live like souls who live eternity away. To live in a hill was to be adorned with enchantment, according to legendary lore. And we may trace that these ideas came from the reality and mystery of these People of Peace. They of the hosts never plagued our understanding when they piped their ravishing tunes to us while moss cotton and blue bells nodded in time; and there are some of us who still love far better to think of them drinking under their hill than to drink the red wine of the world.

Did Eternity, great or small, rest on man's assertion, then were faeries very small indeed! Though the faery creed, like all creeds, is far from infallible, I think it admits faeries of all sizes. The enchanting little people whose pillows are the hearts of flowers and whose lovely pageants have always delighted the mind's eye of poets—who would wish to exterminate them? But a proof of beautiful vision is in the ravishment of the skies, not in their magnitude. Beautiful visions, as well as ugly ones, when subjectively seen, may depend with regard to size on the focus through which they are seen or shown.

Judging from folk-lore report, fairies in Inverness-shire are all

* Make. † Sith, peace or safety (Gaelic).

supposed to be drowned in a place called the Ferry. They certainly are not drowned in Argyllshire, at least, they were not a few years ago. There are still Highland folk—but for the reasons I have tried to show they are among the older generation—in whom we find traces of hereditary seership not overlaid. I say hereditary seership, for there is no gift more hereditary. But because tales bordering on the transcendental world are "auld wives' blethers" more or less to the younger generation, with a few exceptions the old "bodies," unless entreated, keep their experiences to themselves. Besides, to tarry among gods occasions in men silence, and so it may be with the few old seers we have; because they tarry near the People of Peace it is hard to make them speak. "What I ha' seen I ha' seen," they will say, or they "could tell," or "micht tell," and it is only after much encouragement they will go on and very simply tell you all they "mind." There never was a more picturesque old man than one the folk on Loch Fyne side called "the Faery-man," because of his second sight, or two sights, and consequent acquaintance with the green people. As I go back in thought only two years ago I see him sitting by me on the hillside, on that glowing, peaceful day of August when we talked about the Men of Peace. A man of peace among men of peace. A mist of white hair rested on his bent shoulders, he had fine clear-cut features, strongly-marked eyebrows, and a thoughtful face full of genius. He was dressed in homespun of an ethereal blue, pale like the distant hills, towards which he looked with a far-off look, as if he saw then these very hosts—who have perhaps welcomed him since—on march against the ridge of sky. He spoke gravely and slowly, and with the reiteration he felt necessary for my understanding, and his own want of confidence in anything but the Gaelic. The rise and fall of tones, the perfectly dramatic intervals of rest, the increase and diminish of pace, every syllable distinct and striking a musical note on the ear, the passing in joyous cadence from the minor into the major key with tremulous emotion, to break into the minor with a half sob as the memory of his recalled vision at last grows dim and is gone—this you hear in the pure-bred Highlander when he is telling you of memories that stir his soul to its foundation. I would strike these notes now with my pen, for they ring clear in memory on my ear, but they would be nothing. The land underwaves of the gorgeous, many-coloured hills discovered that day in the depths of Loch Fyne, the scented memories borne in the sweet gale* from the hill, the thousand

* Bog myrtle.

sympathies faltered by little hidden springs whose source is deep and unknown, the Faery-man in blue with the far-away eyes, the voice that is silent would not be there. The nearer we keep to Nature the less destruction we have; so in his own words—word for word as I took them down that day—I give his story:—

"It wad be no lang syne, in the gloaming, that I was up the Faeries' Knowe, that's the 'Hill of Hosts,' in Strachur. It was to get a sicht o' the blast* at Furness ower the Loch, that I went up. Now I went forward till I came to the top, and it was no while I was there, when before me, where I stood, straicht out o' the hill a horse appeared, jet black it was, an' upon it sat a rider busked in green, in beautiful green, when more and more, and more again appeared till—if I mind—I saw fourscore or more beautiful, big, black horses, wi' their riders, leddies an' gentlemen, too, busked in green, in beautiful green. The jackets upon them had a tail at the back, an' on their heids green bannets they had wi' tassells like it micht be o' the moss cotton o' the hill, an' for the music they had!—yon was a music passing any ever I heard! It was the bagpipes' sound, but the notes far, far sweeter. I heard them talking, too, in the Gaelic, and very pleasant one to the other. When one came forward—it micht be their chief—an' asked me in the Gaelic, 'What sent me there?' I said, 'I came to get a sicht o' the blast at Furness yonder ower the Loch.' And I watched them where I stood; they formed into a square, an' wi' never a sound went through manœuvres more splendid than ever I saw the like. And then they prepared for march, and wi' never a broken rank among them, they marched away, quite away out o' view wi' their sweet music playing the while; nor could I see nor tell where ever they went. From while they were there to while they were away, micht be three-quarters of an hour. I am seventy-five years of age and that micht be nine or ten years syne. I have heard o' the faeries—them they call the 'Persons of Peace'—well! an' for sure I can say, for what I saw then, they were none o' this earth whatever! They were young, a' young and hearty, I could na say ony way, but what they looked quite content, quite hearty, beautiful men, and women, too. I saw them, I heard them, and I watched them, yonder in the gloaming at the top o' the Knowe. I mind, too, an occasion when I was seeing them at the break o' day. That was in Glen Shealish, at the back o' the Knowe, when I was tending the sheep,

* Blasting of rocks at Furness, near Inverary.

and they, they were on march down Tom a Bhoiran,* where they were saying the queen o' the faeries keeps her palace, but *her* I ha' never seen. I ha' seen them by moonlicht, too, but never sae clear as what I saw then in the gloaming. Yon was a sicht I can never, never forget.

. . . . . .

"Now, my uncle he was acquaint wi' the faeries. I micht tell how on an occasion, and that was at the close o' day in the heicht o' simmertide, he was away up by Coronow yonder, aifter his white-streaked cow † that had strayed, when he heard like the blawing o' pipes saft and sweet amang the heather. Gin they were below the hill, abune the hill, or across the hill; wherever they were he could na say, afore he wad put his ear to the ground; and aifter he wad put his ear to the ground, he wad rise and follow the sound away up through the heather and the sweet gale till the 'Craig Dhu'—that's the black rock that stands at the mouth o' Hell's Glen—and lythe, clearer yet, he heard the music under the rock itself; and he stood like in a spell o' music, that he could stir nor this way nor that. An' as he stood, straichtway the rock opened afore him, till he wad see richt within the hairt o' the hill, a fine stair doun to a fine ha', and there! ho! there! a companie throng in green, a gudely companie, lauching and singing and dancing, and keeping high feast, putting round the 'quaich' wi' the verra best o' cheer. For him, he had no fear at a' when they were waiving to him wi' their hands that he wad come doun, and one cam' forward up the stair; and she—she had gowden hair, and upon her a kirtle o' green; and she was for him drinking from the quaich that she wad offer to him; and he—he was for taking the same from her that he wad drink, when his gude dog, that lay like in the spell streitched doun on the second step o' the stair, rose wi' a cry from his berth and cam' beside him; then someway he minded on the saying: 'He who'll drink wi' the Men o' Peace he'll no win hame to his men‡ to ony time.' Now he turned from the rock wi' his gude dog at his heel, an' when he looked back the rock stood as afore, and for the faeries, he saw none, and for the music, save the wind amang the heather, he heard never a whusht.

. . . . . .

"They travel far, the faeries, but it's no every person gets lave to see them. I mind a story I heard doun by, whatever way it was, or whatever it was, I canna richtly say, but like I heard it myself from one o' the clan I will rightly tell the same.

* Pronounced (gael.) Tom a Viran, the Knoll of Sticks.
† *Baa duimf*, an old Highland breed. ‡ Men, or relations, in Gaelic.

"It might be two hundred years syne, just ower the hills, ane Macneil lost his wife, and buried her—at least he thocht so. There were twa sons and ae dochter, and they grew up till the day she was able to keep the cows from the corn. When one morning a woman came and clapped her upon the heid and tauld her that she was her mither. When the lassie answered that her mither was deid, the woman said she was still alive, for that she was *her*, an' she dressed the lassie's heid and kaimed her hair. When the lass cam' hame and tauld her faither, her faither wad not believe that what she said was right; but he thocht upon what she said, and rose next morning to watch if he could see the faery, but he saw none. Now he continued to rise—an' if I mind it wad be upon the third day he saw his wife come, and begin to do again the same to his dochter as she had said, and he cam' forward an' spoke to her, and asket her 'was she still alive?' When she said she *was*. And he asket her wad she no gang hame wi' him; and she said she could not. But when he said, was there no way she could win hame wi' him, she tauld him there was just one way she could win back. 'Ye'll tak' my wedding-dress from out o' the kist and ye'll stand at the brig end o' the lodge end and watch; and when ye'll watch upon the nicht I'll pass, I'll be second in the procession on horseback; and gin ye'll throw the wedding-dress ower my heid when I pass, I'll be back wi' ye, and aye remain wi' ye, but gin ye'll miss ye're throw ye'll never see me again.' And he took the wedding-dress from out o' the kist, and he stood at the brig end o' the lodge end. Now he watched the first nicht, and he watched the second nicht, but he saw none. And the third nicht it was wi' the moon at the full, when glinting out o' the mist ridge a man looked out wi' a spear that he would cross. And one by one they looked out—the Men o' Peace—riding in great numbers, an' drop after drop he saw the silver bits fall in, in a silvery ring. And, when ranked in procession, they would win past the brig end, where he stood, forward they rode wi' a whusht like grass on a windy hill, and she the second in the procession on horseback. Now he did according to what she said, he cast the dress—but he missed the throw. For the blast came, and took it back wi' a sough, and the cry that he heard then he could never, never forget. At once the faeries that were before closed in behind, and they rode into the mouth o' nicht, and he, he never saw her again. Now he mourned no more for the woman, but for a faery."

. . . . . .

Here ended a Man of Peace among Men of Peace.

JANEY SEVILLA CAMPBELL.

A SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

I.

THERE is no harder nut for the serious critic to crack than the problem of Mr. George Meredith's position as a poet. When he was out of fashion it was easy to ignore his verses; now that his reputation is assured, it is easy to praise them. But to analyse their qualities, to give their author his due place among the poets of the age, that is difficult indeed. That he is a genuine poet is not to be questioned. His imagination is daring, his imagery copious; his versification, although marred by curious caprices, is learned and melodious. But it would be affectation to deny that there are great obstacles to the enjoyment of Mr. Meredith's poetry. It has faults which the tenderest critical indulgence can scarcely forgive. What those faults are has been summed up by Dryden in words which I cannot hope to improve: "His diction," says Dryden, speaking of Persius, "is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring, and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained." The seamy side of Mr. Meredith's poetic style could not be more exactly delineated.

George Meredith's *The Empty Purse.* (Macmillan.)

It is, unfortunately, the less lucid and the less reasonable aspect of Mr. Meredith's talent which he reveals to us in *The Empty Purse and Other Poems.* In these pieces Mr. Meredith curiously resembles (in style-texture, not in verbiage) the later poets of the middle of the seventeenth century. Not in Lovelace or Sherburne would it be more difficult to find a poem comfortably quotable all through than in the volume before us. As we read page after page, and find so much that sparkles and resounds, we ask ourselves why "the vision of beauty is flecked" by so many ugly and jarring touches, and, most of all, why the impression finally left on the mind is such a kaleidoscopic one. The bits of jewel-coloured glass shift and rattle as the instrument revolves, and take new forms, and ever new. But none of these beautiful shapes seem to grow legitimately out of what preceded them, and none seem to lead on to

any climax of effect. For instance, here is a passage from *The Empty Purse*, which is full of verbal felicities :—

"Woman, the name was, when she took form ;
Sheaf of the wonders of life. She fled,
Close imaged ; she neared, far seen. How she made
Palpitate earth of the living and dead !
Did she not show you the world designed
Solely for loveliness ? Nested warm,
The day was the morrow in flight. And for thee
She muted the discords, tuned, refined ;
Drowned sharp edges beneath her cloak.
Eye of the waters, and throb of the tree,
Sliding a radiance, winging from shade,
With her witch-whisper o'er ruins, in reeds,
She sang low the song of her promise delayed :
Beckoned and died, as a finger of smoke
Astream over woodland. And was not she
History's heroines white on storm ?"

In quoting this I have purposely given what I think one of the best pages in the book. It is stuffed with ideas, crowded with bright and singular fancies. But each line, almost each phrase, is so surprising that the brain pauses to overcome the difficulty, and in so doing loses the thread of the whole. It is a string of brilliant, but startling and disturbing conceits. Often, however, the oddness survives the brilliancy, and the reader is positively left gasping in outer darkness. For instance, at the very opening of the poem we are told, of the empty purse, that

"Some devil committed the theft,
Which leaves of the portly a skin
No more ; of the weighty a whine."

Nothing could be easier than to understand that the theft of the gold has left of the portly purse nothing but an empty skin. But what is the meaning of "of the weighty a whine" ? And there are a thousand problems in Mr. Meredith's poems not more easily soluble than this.

An exquisite lyric in this new volume is "The Youthful Quest," which shows Mr. Meredith at his happiest in the search for language which will do justice to tender and impalpable visions, to emotion that evades language, to that topmost thought by which all poets from Marlowe downwards have been dolorously haunted. "Jump-to-Glory Jane," unusually simple and direct, is another excellent example. There are charming touches of nature in "Night of Frost in May." We must

be thankful for what we can find in our poet, wishing all the time that he would not strain so violently, nor be ever striving to become more golden than gold itself. He is a man of true and noble genius, but when he writes Odes to the Comic Spirit he wants some prudent Aristarchus at his side, who would contrive *ambitiosa recidere ornamenta.*

W. Watson's *Lachrymæ Musarum.* (Macmillan.)

The popularity which has descended upon the poetry of Mr. William Watson, although very gratifying to all who love literature, is to be accounted for with some difficulty. The characteristics of this reflective and almost gnomic verse, based not on the popular traditions of Shelley or Keats, but on those of Gray and Wordsworth, are such as it might be supposed would attract but little notice in an age of intellectual turmoil and extravagance, when the most fashionable excursions are those made into "some vaporous debatable land on the outskirts of the Nervous System." Mr. Watson's poems are, or till now have been, elegant in form, conservative in feeling, precise in expression. He has not a few of the locutions of an eighteenth century writer, and might sometimes seem to be a warmer Akenside, or a conciser Beattie. His lucidity is perfect, his tone absolutely grave and sane; to admire him is to admit the possibility of a complete reaction against our Alexandrian modes. It has seemed strange to some of us that a voice so little suited to drown the hurly-burly should have proved so penetrating.

The tiny book of poems which Mr. Watson has just published, *Lachrymæ Musarum*, contains, however, one piece which must cause us to revise our judgment of the poet's limitations. It is not of the elegy on Tennyson, dignified as it is, of which I speak. That, with all its singular merit, belongs strictly to the elegaiac and reconstructive class in which we already acknowledged Mr. Watson to be a master. But this exquisitely accomplished exercise in the manner of *Lycidas* must occupy a place in our interest decidedly below the poem which succeeds it, "The Dream of Man," a composition which I have no hesitation in saying appears to me to possess the very highest qualities of sublimity in imagination and stateliness in language. If these twenty pages do not take their place among the principal achievements of later Victorian literature, I shall be greatly amazed. The poem is composed in the form of a vision in which the writer sees Man grown in subtlety and resource, until he thinks himself invincible, "The mate or the master of God," of whose very existence he has the most insolent doubts. God, at last, to humble His creature, reveals to Man in a dream the

rise and the ultimate decline of his race. Cowed for an instant, Man rises in pride again, and will not credit the vision. God withdraws once more, and Man proceeds in glory, until he overcomes his last enemy, and binds, since he cannot slay, even Death himself. Then weariness that is worse than death comes down upon him, and, in his wretchedness, he calls on God to restore to him "the infinite wealth of weakness, Which was his strength of yore." This stern apologue is told in language fully consonant with its solemnity. Modern verse has rarely been so dignified, so fluid, so full of an august simplicity.

By the side of *The Dream of Man*, the other contents of Mr. Watson's volume might well seem slighter than they are. "England, my Mother," an Eddaic stave in rhymeless, regular measure, is a defence of poetry of singular beauty and melody, adroitly archaic, and reminiscent of the liturgical chants in *Hávamál*. "Shelley's Centenary" is an example of Mr. Watson's unusual skill in producing critical verse which is admirable not merely as verse but also as criticism. Of "the things that are more excellent" it is scarcely necessary to speak; it has been almost a classic ever since it appeared in the *Spectator*. Of several graceful lyrics, "Night" is, perhaps, the most musical as well as the most completely original. In fact, there is scarcely anything in this little volume which is not above the average of good verse. Mr. Watson may easily become the "well-languag'd" Samuel Daniel of Victorian poetry. If he goes on writing he may rise higher still, for in the key of *The Dream of Man* no distinction should be above his reach.

There is one piece in this volume which Mr. Watson, I am convinced, will allow himself to be persuaded to omit in his second edition. This is his lyrical gibe (not a very funny gibe, dear Mr. Watson) against Mr. Oscar Wilde. To peck at one another is not the business of humming-birds and nightingales. Daws do it best, and are kept for that very purpose; in large numbers, in the aviaries of Grub Street. Mr. Oscar Wilde (with whom I seldom find myself in agreement) is an artist, and claims from his fellow-artists courteous consideration.

Quevedo's *Pablo de Segovia*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin has courageously produced for the delectation of the wealthy a beautiful folio edition, in parchment, of the *Pablo de Segovia* of Quevedo, with a critical preface by Mr. H. E. Watts, copious illustrations by Daniel Vierge, and an essay on these illustrations by the untiring Mr. Joseph Pennell. Ten years ago, for the sake of Vierge's very remarkable designs, I bought in Paris Germond de Lavigne's transla-

tion of Quevedo, in which they had just come out. They seemed to me of extraordinary merit, but I could get no one to agree with me, and I came to the conclusion that I must be labouring under a delusion. Meanwhile, it would appear, the world has been coming round to the conviction that they revealed a very commanding talent. In this English edition of Mr. Unwin's the drawings which appeared small in the French issue are reproduced on a much larger scale, and there are a great many additional illustrations, carrying the story up to the close, instead of stopping midway as they did in consequence of the sudden illness of the artist in 1882. Mr. Pennell's essay, I am bound to say, seems likely to do more harm than good to Vierge's reputation. It is written in a strain of delirious exaggeration. When we are told that "in comparison with Vierge, Dürer knows nothing of light and shade, Bellini and Vandyke and Holbein are heavy and laboured in their handling, while Piranese and Canaletto have but an historical interest," and then turn to the designs as reproduced in the volume before us, the violence of the critic seems unpardonable. Had Mr. Pennell been content to draw attention warmly to the very high excellence of his friend's work, without indulging in this scream of eulogy, we should have perceived only the charm of these delicate and vivacious drawings, and not the confused values, the rotten line (which constantly suggests a tracing from a drawing), the positive errors (such as in the skeleton on p. 17 and the foremost running figure opposite p. 10), the tiresome trick of one spot of black in each otherwise outlined composition. If these things should now attract the eye and divert us from Vierge's splendid qualities it is to Mr. Pennell alone that the blame will be due. Mr. Watts' study of the life and works of Quevedo is masterly, and worthy of our best living critic of classic Spanish literature.

F. Darwin's *Charles Darwin.* (Murray.)

Two very delightful reprints have reached me. Mr. Murray has at last brought out a one-volume edition of Mr. Francis Darwin's *Charles Darwin*, a model of what biography should be, filial and yet temperate, fitted alike to the warmth of the inner circle of friends, and to the indifference of those most remote from the great naturalist's influence. In this edition much of the more technical part of the correspondence is omitted; but a new and very fine portrait after Mrs. Cameron is inserted.

Sir W. Scott's *Novels.* (Nimmo.)

Under the title of *The Border Edition*, Mr. Nimmo begins with the two volumes of *Waverley* an exceeding handsome issue of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, enriched with the most loving assiduity by Mr. Andrew Lang, who introduces and annotates. The vogue of the

Waverley Novels is perennial, and the success of these reprints, under such auspices, is assured. The first volume of *Waverley* is prefaced by various new matters, upon which Mr. Lang has been lucky enough to hit.

C. T. Jacobi's *Notes on Books and Printing*. (C. Whittingham.)

A modest volume, but one which is very pretty in its vermillion lettering upon clear white buckram, is Mr. Charles T. Jacobi's *Notes on Books and Printing*, which all professional writers ought to possess. It contains copious information with regard to types, preparation of MS. for the press, moulding, stereotyping, papers, margins, and all the rest of the mystery. I love these sweet hierarchies of type, from nonpareil and bourgeois up to great primer and that double-handed engine (*O altitudo!*) two-line pica. The names of the papers are not less delightful; who would not like to possess Milton on "super royal" or Dr. Johnson on "double post"? Professor Froude's Oxford lectures in "bold-face Clarendon" upon "demy"—charming! Every young Pegasus who desires to "print his proud hoofs in the receiving earth" should stoop to Took's Court and carry off a copy of Mr. Jacobi's volume.

EDMUND GOSSE.

II.

THE difficulties of a critic who is pursued on his travels by flights of books, diverse and multifarious, and who has to weave a kind of connected article out of the mass, have not yet been sung. It is not necessary to sing them, but it may be as well to mention them, by way of accounting for a singularly mixed and desultory critique. To others who also happen to be wandering I have the highest confidence in recommending Mr. Conan Doyle's tale (one of Mr. Arrowsmith's shilling books), *The Great Shadow*. It is written with attractive simplicity; there is a character of engrossing interest; the Battle of Waterloo is described as a soldier who only saw his own regiment's share of it might describe it; and the rustic manners of that distant age are drawn to the life. Waterloo is far further from us than the '45 was, when *Waverley* appeared. Will armies ever stand up to each other in that dogged style again? Certainly they will not stand up in squares, nor advance in heavy columns, to be mowed down in swathes by artillery. Mr. Doyle describes not only Waterloo, but that famous incident, previously drawn in *The Antiquary*, "The False Alarm," when all the Border rose in arms on the accidental lighting of a fire, which was mis-

Doyle's *Great Shadow*. (Arrowsmith.)

taken for a beacon signal. It was the intention (this is a tale of my own grandfather, who was in the affair) to have deserted the towns and retired into the hills, as the Covenanters did, if the French had made good their landing. Mr. Doyle's hero, living on the north of the Border, near Berwick, sees Sir Walter Scott riding to the rendezvous at Dalkeith. Starting from Gilsland, would Scott ride by Berwick? There is another little difficulty: the hero lives on the north of the Tweed, and his farm is bounded by the sea. How, then, could his house be built on both sides of the Border line? Is not the Tweed the Border in these parts? These are trifles of topography about which doubts will not disturb the fortunate reader. This is an excellent shilling's worth, and leaves us with a hope that Mr. Doyle will devote himself to another historical novel, for which he has a real genius, his tales of old times are so hearty and manly. The heroine is charming, if almost incredibly volatile, and her conduct furnishes the motive of the book. But we are more in love with the strange French waif from the sea, who has had as many adventures as General Marbot.

Gunter's *Miss Dividends*. (Routledge.)

A readable novel for a railway journey is Mr. Gunter's *Miss Dividends*. Nothing can be less psychological, few things less "cultured." We must shut the eyes of criticism, open the mouth of credulity, and swallow the plot. But granting that a number of unlikely and discreditable things were done, granting that the heroine's father could select his very peculiar method of making a fortune, then there is plenty of interest in the story. The Mormon life is described, as it was in 1871, and an extraordinary life it was. The Mormons have not had justice done to them. The Prophet and Brigham Young and Lee were adventurers on a magnificent scale, with magnificent ideas. There was something of Mahomet, something of Alexander the Great, something of Rajah Brooke, and a great deal of Casanova in them. In our own age, when to so many minds religion as a great mainspring of action seems worn out, those men founded a creed, and nearly founded an empire. Had they started thirty years earlier, who knows what they might have done? They had the right ideas, marriage for women, property for men, and fanaticism for mainspring. But they were a little too late. This is clearly not a novel to be sworn by in intellectual circles. There will be no Gunter Society, and no chorus of clever young reviewers hymning its praises. But for railway reading it is not to be despised, though, of course, it reads rather flat if one takes it immediately after *The Great Shadow*.

Vernon Lee's *Vanitas.* (Heinemann.)

After these thrilling narrations it is hardly fair to take up Vernon Lee's *Vanitas.* Vernon Lee's intellect, it may be presumed, is rather critical and reflective than narrative and romantic. But many tastes prefer a novel which is critical and reflective, and relies for its interest on the chemical changes, as we may almost call them, in human character, to a novel in which things happen. Thus, in Mr. Doyle's tale, the central interest turns on a gigantic football scrimmage, as it were, in which the Old Guard and a British brigade are the players, and the fate of Europe is the ball. In Vernon Lee's book, the central interest rests on the question, will a young widow of noble birth give up her wealth, and lay down her prejudices, and accept the heart of an American *psychologue?* It is odd, perhaps, that an elderly and pacific citizen should be thrilled by the last charge of the Guard, and should be a little unconcerned as to the results of that other and amatory encounter of foreign and English forces. Perhaps we are so much the creatures of heredity that the spirit of our grandfathers lives in us, and we cannot but care more for a good fight than for the wavering affections of a widow and a mature manufacturer of psychological "copy." Alas, it is too true, I should never review novels of the finer emotions! If I prefer beer to French vintages, my opinions about these is not worth having, and it is with every apology for a defective taste, for a lack of delicacy of palate, that I offer my remarks on *Vanitas.*

Among Vernon Lee's books I have a private craze for one, a short story called *The Phantom Lover.* Somehow this taste does not seem to be universal, but when a new book of the author's falls into my hands I think of the "affable familiar spirit," and make odious comparisons. Vernon Lee's style at first alarmed me, from the explosions of three-barrelled adjectives on the first page. But the manner becomes more chastened, and one can take a considerable interest in the loves of the psychological American novelist, Mr. Marion, and the Lady Atalanta Walkenshaw, *née* Ossian. Her character seems, to one who is no *psychologue*, rather a fanciful combination than a real growth. She is of the tall, brusque, handsome, hard order (behold four-barrelled adjectives!) Yet she has a soul, and a heart, and a desire to excel in literature. These elements seldom co-exist. He is an American psychological novelist, a terrible thing to be, if such a person is always "observing" and thinking of his trade. No doubt, in real life, such an author escapes from his profession, like other people, and no more thinks perpetually about novels than any other man

thinks without remission of his work. He seems a very difficult being to lead to the altar: whether Lady Tal (a form of Atalanta) leads him or not it would be unfair to divulge. But it is interesting to find out for oneself. All the tales are clever and sad, and reflect, as in a glass, one's gloomy ideas, so that a pessimist would rather turn to something less congenial, more gay and airy.

Stewart's *Nicomachean Ethics.* (Clarendon Press.)

Happily, this is at hand in Mr. Stewart's *Notes on the Nicomachean Ethics.* The Greeks were not troubled with a sense of being frivolous. The Labour Question, for excellent reasons, never gave them a moment's concern. They believed in leisure, and that people of taste should have leisure, and use it well, not in tea parties and Venetian picnics. Mr. Stewart has had leisure, and has used it well. He has read the Paraphrast Heliodorus, and the other scholiasts printed in the Aldine Collection. The world little knows what good reading scholiasts provide: they are much more "actual" and interesting than most novelists. It is pleasant to see that Mr. Stewart can speak well of Grant's *Ethics;* for very many years Oxford has used, and ungratefully sneered at, these volumes. "The city exists for the sake of its thinkers." How Greek is that idea, and how unmodern and ideal. There is no space here to review Mr. Stewart's book closely, and as it deserves to be reviewed. Enough to say that it is extremely learned, lucid, and a most valuable aid to the studies, not only of undergraduates, but of every one who wishes to understand the encyclopædic system and significance of Aristotle. The remarks, ii., 444, on "leisure," what Aristotle meant by it, and on his θεωρητικὸς βίος, which is *not* Nirvana, as the Neo-Platonists imagined, are particularly useful. If Aristotle had been asked, he would probably have denied that he meant what Plotinus meant; but there are certainly passages which seem to countenance that meaning. Mr. Stewart concludes, justly, that "the θεωρητικὸς βίος is not separate life co-ordinate with the πολιτικὸς βίος, but a spirit which penetrates and ennobles the latter." Thus, God is conceived as eternally engaged in θεωρία, and yet is the motive power and Governor of this great city of the universe. To many readers Mr. Stewart's book would have been more serviceable if he had translated his German quotations, and to all if it had an ampler index. Looking at the work from the meanest point of view, one may say that no undergraduate who masters it can fail to get a first in his Ethics paper; while in a larger sense it is a liberal education.

Coplestone's *Buddhism.* (Longmans and Co.)

The Bishop of Colombo has written what seems to a layman to be a thoroughly good and trustworthy book on *Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and Bombay.* The modern craze for Buddhism is a funny phenomenon. The esoteric nonsense, of course, captivates the quarter-cultured by its thin sciolism, and the credulous by the very poorest miracles that ever were performed. It is a hash, and an ill-cooked hash, of half a dozen stale old impostures. But the intellectual middle classes, for whom Christianity is not good enough, yearn strangely after Buddhism, in which some of the morality is universal, and thus on a level with Christian ethics, while all the rest is quietism, indolence, despair, monasticism, and folk-lore. Speaking as a layman, I fancy that the essence of Buddhism is to be found in Lucy Ashton's song in the *Bride of Lammermoor:—*

"Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live, and quiet die."

As the Bishop says, "The qualities most charming to the Indian mind are gentleness" (witness Cawnpore!) "and calm." The Buddha was strong in these, hence his personal influence. The qualities, in their degenerate form, "pass into apathy." Memnon, in Voltaire's delightful tale, was, or meant to be, a Buddhist without being aware of it. Pascal had glanced in that direction. I have known a cat who was a Buddhist. Gentleness, calm, the suppression of desire (for fish, if another cat wanted it), were his characteristics. He never fought, and this was so notorious that the most ferocious cats never assaulted him. That cat is laying up Karma. The Buddha was not without energy, and is credited with humour. But when he deals with meditation (θεωρία), and with supernatural attainments, "he sails away into a region of empty abstraction which it would be flattery to call a cloudland." In morals he is earnest, "even when he is tedious." The Indian mind has a speciality for tediousness that cannot be uttered. Buddha regards the householder as an inferior character; "a certain secondary ideal is all he can hope to reach." That is very certain. Consequently, if all the world reached the ideal, there would be nobody left in the next generation. We should so have ceased to applaud the drama of the universe that there would be *un four*, not a soul left in the house. "To the advanced disciples of Buddhism hell is impossible, and heaven indifferent"; they are not heard of :

"Thou art more than to-day and to-morrow, the seasons that laugh and that weep,
For these bring joy and sorrow, but thou, Proserpina, sleep."

To this the Buddhist flees from "the weary interminableness" of transmigration. For the Buddhist laity there is a very sensible Sutta recommending moral goodness, "a quiet and religious domestic life. It is constantly repeated now by the monks in Ceylon, and it is a great pity that nobody understands it." Of practical Buddhism, in its influence on life in Ceylon, the Bishop has not a very high opinion. An Englishman was kind to a woman fallen by the roadside, and the people said, "This must be a god; no man would do this," or, "no Sinhalese man would do this." "By their fruits shall ye know them." But unhappily the fruits of nominally Christian persons are often not what Christianity would like to be known by. On this the Bishop says: "I am painfully aware, as I write this, how little Christian conduct often corresponds to Christian standard; but, at any rate, 'Christian behaviour' means 'good behaviour' in all lips. I suppose no one ever heard a Sinhalese use 'Buddhist conduct' as a synonym for 'good conduct.'" That may be modesty; for nobody can deny that the Buddha was good, and inculcated goodness, though at the end, and practically, "he giveth his beloved sleep," and nothing else. Blessings on the man who invented it, but we could not appreciate it if we had never been awake and the hope is that we may not go without our sufficient draught of Lethe at the last. As for the supernatural gifts of the accomplished Buddhist, they seem to depend on self-hypnotism and self-suggestion (p. 223.) You stare at a spot of light till you go into a trance, and then anything may happen. The Buddha did not say that miracles do not occur. He took the much more philosophic view that they may occur only too readily. A few were performed, now and then, by way of advertisement. "He generally told one of his monks to make the display if it was necessary in any case to gain the attention of a layman, or a multitude, by such means." The common miracle of rising in the air is found among Australian blacks, and is hinted at in the Life of Plotinus, while many mediæval saints were adepts. Possibly it is a subjective sensation of the person in trance, and is believed in on his own evidence. There must be something to account for a belief so widely distributed. As to the special scholarship of the Bishop of Colombo's book, only experts can speak, but as an admirable classical scholar the Bishop knows what work of this kind should be, and, doubtless, he may

be trusted by the lay multitude. No book seems more thoroughly qualified to satisfy an intelligent curiosity about Buddhism, ancient and modern, its merits and its depravations. The death of the Buddha was a warning to all. Some dried pork had been provided: "The Buddha at once perceived that this pork was not likely to be eaten safely by any one, of all gods and men, except a Buddha." But he over-rated his powers of digestion. Apparently this account is derived from an old metrical life of the Buddha. His was not an imposing exit from the world of decay and change. From the pork-eating it would seem that the prohibition to destroy life is not an original point in Buddhism. On the relations of the sexes, the Precepts show "a shocking depravation of the moral sense," but the Bishop is indisposed to reveal its nature. On the whole, Buddhism is not what a vain people supposes. Its books are often maundering and pedantic; its miracles are cheap; its ideal is suicidal, and in details of morality it seems to be mysteriously unwholesome. This is, perhaps, no blame to the Buddha, nor to those who follow him in sincerity and truth. His was a necessary and humane reaction against Brahmanism, itself a sacerdotal corruption of the vague Vedic mixture of magic, and mythology, and natural religion. The climate of India is at the bottom of all these faiths and philosophies.

ANDREW LANG.

III.

IF the celebrated maxim, "When a new book comes out read an old one," be somewhat churlish, there should be no churlishness in a milder adaptation and combination of it with another dictum, "Among new books let old ones have the precedence." And so I may be permitted to open this notice of some books of the last month with a few lines on Mr. S. H. Reynolds' new edition of *Selden's Table Talk*, an admirable handling of an admirable book. Selden, it is true, was not entirely wise or good. His criticism on the Authorised Version (though it has been echoed in some modern complaints about "Wardour Street English") shows little power of literary appreciation, and his obstinate Erastianism, too evidently due to the professional jealousy between Law and Divinity, might justify the reproach of following Philistia as well as Erastus. But the native shrewdness, the thorough learning, and the quaint, racy phrase of the book are almost unique. Its text

S. H. Reynolds' *Selden's Table Talk*. (Clarendon Press.)

was in a rather chaotic condition; and its allusiveness would greatly distress some modern censors in a modern writer. So that the pains of editing, which have never before been properly bestowed, and which here are bestowed with excellent competence by Mr. Reynolds, were very well in place.

Edmund Gosse's *The Secret of Narcisse.* (Heinemann.)

A considerable number of readers must, I should think, have taken up Mr. Gosse's *Secret of Narcisse* with both interest and curiosity. When a man, for a good many years, perseveres in certain pretty definite literary paths, and quite suddenly strikes into an entirely different one, all the child and all the critic in his fellows are jointly roused to see what he will do in it. There can hardly, I think, be two opinions on the point that Mr. Gosse has done a very graceful and agreeable piece of work in his new craft of story-teller. "Narcisse" is a foreign and Southern artisan, who has followed the great sculptor, Ligier Richier, to Bar, has remained behind him, and has become betrothed to a girl who is a native of the place. But Narcisse is not at home in Bar, and even his betrothed does not quite know what to make of him. He is really absorbed on a quaint device—a skeleton which, being arranged in certain fashion, plays the zither automatically. The girl, Rosalie, prying about, discovers him with this thing, and, seeing it imperfectly and covered, takes it for a rival, and in a rage drops hints which suggest to her family that Narcisse is a wizard. The slander, though she herself is soon undeceived, is spread abroad, the Church takes alarm, and Narcisse, already unpopular, is hunted down, with results only too certain at the "*temp.* of tale," the sixteenth century. This fancy is worked out in a fashion rather resembling Mr. Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* than any other recent English book I can think of, in an exceedingly graceful style, with some exquisite passages of description, and on a background of the old city, its architecture and its manners, which deserves the highest praise. As for the story itself, I think (doubtless it is an old-fashioned prejudice of mine) that Mr. Gosse has somewhat too much followed the modern French and American habit of less endeavouring to *tell* it than standing by, furnishing it with a liberal exhibition of scenery and decoration, and letting it tell itself. This plan is, I know, very popular with *les jeunes;* to my spectacled vision it seems to be inferior in life and in interest to the older system. We want a play, and we get a series of arras-pieces or cartoons—beautiful things enough, but sometimes a trifle inanimate.

This, however, is no doubt, as I say, merely personal preference: what Mr. Gosse meant to do he has done admirably well. Rosalie in particular is excellent, and so is Narcisse's friend the Trumpeter.

Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, Ed. 20. (Ward and Lock.)

There may be those who despise (I suspect they will generally be found to be those who are in most need of them) books of reference; for my part, I can only acknowledge much indebtedness to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, and much satisfaction at seeing that Mr. Vincent has been able to bring out a twentieth edition, brought, as usual, up to the last word of its title. Even an old and cast-off edition of Haydn is a blessing which the charitable cannot do better than bestow upon deserving objects: how much more one containing the "history of the world down to the autumn of 1892"? Of course, it is not infallible—no such book can be, and it is rather unfair to use it as a real lexicon as well as for its strict and legitimate purpose. But always excepting Whitaker's Almanack, there is probably no single volume that contains so much information.

Poems of the Hon. Roden Noel. (W. Scott.)

The publisher of the *Canterbury Poets* has been lucky in securing for that cheap little series a selected collection of Mr. Roden Noel's poems. It appears with an introduction by Mr. Robert Buchanan, of which I shall only say (having long ago had that little fight with Mr. Buchanan which is incumbent upon every critic, having buried the hatchet, and being not at all desirous to dig it up again) that it is characteristic and amusing. I do not quite see why Mr. Buchanan should single out for special praise five lines of his friend's which are only an amplification of a matchless line and a half of Lord Tennyson's:—

> "Flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
> Half buried in the eagle's down."

But he is outspoken about the defects as well as the merits of Mr. Noel's verse, though he thinks, as I do, that the merits far overbalance the defects. It was Mr. Noel's misfortune, first, that he began to sing just about the time of beginning of other and stronger singers; secondly, that he has never been self-critical enough or sufficiently observant of form and measure. But in all his books as they appeared I have myself seen many agreeable and some almost great things, and I hope that many more readers will see them here.

It is, I believe, popularly supposed that every critic who is worth his salt ought to be ready to "deliver a judgment on the *Encyclopædia*," and it is still more popularly held that there are very few critics who do

not at least deserve their salt by readiness to do so. If that be so I fear I must put up with an imperfectly filled salt-cellar. There are certain special subjects, and still more special subdivisions of subjects, on which, unless a man has "gone in" for them himself to at least some extent, it is rather futile for him to attempt to speak. I have never thus gone in for Columbus, and Columbus at this moment is very much one of these specialities. Therefore, I shall only say of Mr. Charles Elton's *Career of Columbus* that it appears to be done with a blessed absence of literary talkee-talkee, and with that thoroughness which Mr. Elton has already displayed in other matters about which I know a little more.

Charles Elton's *The Career of Columbus.* (Cassell.)

It is possible that if any architect reads these lines and perceives that the next book on my list is *Architecture: a Profession or an Art?* edited by Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. Jackson, and contributed to by Mr. Champneys, Mr. Bodley, Mr. W. B. Richmond, and half a dozen others, he may say, "You are a pretty fellow; you wash your hands of a book by one specialist and pretend to give an opinion on one written by a dozen." Indeed, one writer in this very book disables me beforehand by saying that "the better educated classes (it may indeed be conceited to call oneself a better educated class) know absolutely *nothing* about architecture." Architecture, however, like all art, comes under Blake's great dictum, that "Every man is a judge of art who has not been connoisseured out of his senses"; and when one has never passed a building of any mark or note for a good many years without trying to find out whether and why one likes it or not, it may not be quite impertinent to give an opinion. I should say that the protest of Mr. Jackson and his coadjutors against being made into a hard and fast "profession" is a very well founded one, and that a great many of the minor arguments and propositions of the book are very sound. There may be perhaps, for the lay mind, a little too much polemic with a certain Institute. But most of the papers are soundly penetrated with the doctrine (which I am inclined to believe some of the "better educated classes" did master a good while ago) that whatever else architecture is and is not, it is not building with superadded ornament, but building which, whether plain or fine, is an ornament in itself. And I feel a great admiration for Mr. Jackson's plea for the jerry builder. "You have," he says, in effect (I am not quoting his words), "the jerry builder that you deserve. You want a sovereign for fifteen shillings, and for your fifteen shillings he gives you at least fourteen shillings and sixpence worth in external elevation, internal decoration, latest sanitary

Architecture: A Profession or an Art? (Murray.)

improvements, and what not, which you insist upon and can see, taking out the balance, which it is impossible for him or anyone to give you, in the solidity which you think least of." It is a just contention.

Charles G. Leland's *Etrusco-Roman Remains.* (Fisher Unwin.)

A curious and lavishly-illustrated book is Mr. C. G. Leland's *Etrusco-Roman Remains.* It is interesting, of course. Mr. Leland can make most things interesting, even folk-lore—a feat in which I know but one or two other people who are his rivals. Besides being interesting, it is full of representations of curious things, some of them in the author's own possession, and therefore presumably inedited, and all of them little likely to be known. There are plates of mirrors and lamps, of amulets and masks, some beautiful, all odd ; and facing them in the text are all sorts of results of Mr. Leland's frequentation of the peasantry in modern Italy, of his wide and out-of-the-way reading, and of his agreeable fancy. I am not, indeed, prepared to commit myself to all, or even to the majority, of Mr. Leland's identifications of ancient Etruscan gods with modern Italian *follets* and *farfadets;* but that is quite a different matter.

Louise v. Kobell's *Conversations with Döllinger.* (Bentley.)

There are some extrinsic attractions for English readers in the shape of included notices of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Acton, and others of our countrymen and countrywomen (not to mention a frontispiece representing these distinguished persons with Dr. Döllinger himself) in the *Conversations with Döllinger* of Frau von Eisenhart, born Louise von Kobell. The lady and her husband were intimate friends and frequent companions of the Bavarian theologian in the last twelve years of his long life; and the records of their association with him make an agreeable volume not too prolix, and achieving the great and not too frequently achieved end of all such books, the giving of a pleasant idea of the subject. I do not know whether Frau von Eisenhart or her translator (Miss Katharine Gould) is to blame for some oddities which are observable here. Madame de Sévigné, for instance, was a very clever, woman; but I do not think that she can have made a remark about Diderot, as the printing, if not the apparent meaning, of a passage here makes her do. "Diderot's Salon" is also an odd way of referring to the very numerous "Salons" of that delightful writer, and "Magnus of Calderon" a still odder phrase for what I suppose to be the Magico Prodigioso. But doubtless to note these things is mere critical pravity, and I can answer for it that one reader at least laid the book down with a much better and a much more favourable idea of Döllinger than he had had before.

International Humour. (Walter Scott.)

A series of "International Humour" may well arouse fears in the critically brave, and even excuse follies in the critically wise. I shall not attempt to argue that people had better study the subject in the volumes of a series of which Mr. Walter Scott has just brought out two—*The Humour of France* and *The Humour of Germany*—than in the originals. The translator and arranger of the German volume had, indeed (except in the case of Heine and one or two others), not so very difficult a task, for German humour is nearer akin to our own. Miss Elizabeth Lee, in *The Humour of France*, was much more heavily parted, and all I can say is that she has come out of the trial a great deal better than might have been expected.

Two novels by two popular writers of novels, both published by Mr. Heinemann, are likely to be welcome to these writers' admirers. Strictly speaking, indeed, Mr. Hall Caine's *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon* is not a "novel," but three short stories, dealing for the most part with Mr. Caine's favourite scenes in the Isle of Man and in Morocco. *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon* itself, for anyone who does not mind dialect (I have never myself understood why anyone should object to it unless it is pointedly ugly, which very few dialects are), is a lively and well-managed story, telling how a rough and rather chuckle-headed sailor and his more refined bride, being desperately fond of each other, fell out, and then by the help of friends fell in again. The means which the friends adopted were a little dangerous, but they came all right. The second story—*The Last Confession*—is pure tragedy, and though tragedy is a better thing than comedy, it must for that very reason be a great deal better to be good at all. The last work of "Tasma," *A Knight of the White Feather*, does not seem to me quite worthy of its clever Australian author. The last scene, in which the hero (or un-hero, as Mr. Carlyle would say) clears himself of his weakness, or expiates it, is indeed affecting; but then these tragic "curtains" are affecting at a very small expense of power. *Mentem mortalia tangunt*, of course; and in another order of things the primitive fashion of stunning a young woman with a knobkerry, or something of that sort, and carrying her off senseless, was a most effective fashion of wooing. But you ought to be able to make the maiden come to you, and to "touch the mind," by less violent means. Nor do the characters in the earlier parts of the book seem to me attractive in themselves or very well set forth.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IV.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* (Heinemann.)

A STUDY of the life and work of a deceased poet who lived eighty-three years, and worked in poetry for over sixty of them, could hardly issue from the press a few days after that poet's death without arousing some antecedent prejudice against itself in the critical mind. But in the case of Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Alfred Lord Tennyson* the prejudice does not last very long. It is shaken by the preface, which informs us that the book was not written, but only published, on this very up-to-date principle, having, in fact, been "its author's companion during the last two years"; and it is easily and finally conquered by a very brief experience of the thorough and careful fashion in which the "life" is treated, and the mostly sound and always suggestive criticism which is bestowed upon the "work." Taste of two descriptions—by no means invariably found in company—was required for the production of a valuable, or even a tolerable, book on this subject: the æsthetic palate of the connoisseur who can distinguish between the various qualities and degrees of literary excellence; and the well-bred discretion of the biographer who knows what "to leave in the ink-bottle." Mr. Waugh is the happy possessor of these two varieties of taste—the latter in perfection, the former in amply sufficient measure. The narrative of the main facts of Tennyson's artistically uneventful life is briefly, yet adequately set forth, and illustrated with just enough of anecdotic matter relative to the poet's contemporaries to diversify what might otherwise have been the too great uniformity of the story; while it nowhere offers the faintest encouragement to that tribe of sacrilegious gossips upon whom, in certain well-known lines of almost excessive vigour, the late Laureate imprecated the curse of Shakespeare. Mr. Waugh's analyses of the poet's various works are skilfully and lucidly executed, and his reviews of them are not wanting either in acuteness or originality. Though an ardent, he is no blind and undiscriminating admirer. He is fully alive to the blemishes which here and there, though almost never on the side of *technique*, disfigure the poems; and when, as in certain of the dramas, the defects to be noted are of a deeper and more serious order, he lays upon them no timid finger. Considered as a mere Tennysonian bibliography, the book is excellently done, and would have well deserved publication if only as a manual of reference most useful to all future students of the poet. The illustrations are well executed, and for

the most part appropriate, though one could wish that Mr. Waugh, or his publisher, had resisted the temptation to present the reader with a facsimile of the entry in the register of Shiplake Church which attests, in a form not differing, so far as can be discovered, from that which records the union of quite obscure persons, the solemnisation of the poet's marriage. It infuses a disagreeable flavour of the "New Journalism" into what is otherwise a perfectly well-conducted and self-respecting volume.

Lord Tennyson's *The Death of Œnone and Other Poems.* (Macmillan.)

Unenviable indeed would be the frigidity of the critic who could sit him down to criticise *The Death of Œnone and Other Poems* in the same mood in which he has been in the habit of addressing himself to any other new volume from the Laureate's hand. The mere fact that it is a vanished hand from whose touch it comes, and that in its utterances we hear the sound of a voice that is for ever still, would be enough to forbid any such approach. Silence, if praise were impossible, would have been felt to be becoming; and one might almost say that had it been the very "Promise of May" that Lord Tennyson thus bequeaths to us, we should have reverently accepted it. Still we are glad that it does not, in fact, consist of work which the piety of his followers would gladly forget; but that, on the contrary, he has here given us poetry of that kind in which his marvellously lasting power showed least impaired to the end. If, as in "Charity," we get an echo of that mid-century sentiment which is to the true pathetic what a Winterhalter portrait is to worthy art; or, if as in the "Churchwarden and the Curate," the once unerring touch of the humourist in provincial character slides here and there into lines of caricature, it matters little. In the title-poem and in "St. Telemachus," in the hymn that closes "Akbar's Dream," in "Doubt and Prayer," and in "God and the Universe," we have pieces that we can add without misgiving to the splendid treasury of Tennysonian verse. They are of the true mintage; the gold has all the fineness, if not the weight of the earlier issues; and the stamp proclaims it as unmistakably as ever the consummate artist's work.

Mr Yeats's *The Countess Kathleen.* (Fisher Unwin.)

Whether Mr. W. B. Yeats will take the remark as a compliment or as the reverse, I know not—though, as preferring to give pleasure rather than pain, I will not say I do not care; but the impression which his *Countess Kathleen* has produced upon me is that, while there are very few among the poets of his age (where "age" of course = "years," not "era") who could have conceived and put before us this weird legend with anything like his vividness and force of imagination, there

are poets not a few, and those no conjurors in their art, who could have lent superior grace of form to its execution. For, to take the fault-finding business first, the general scheme of Mr. Yeats's blank verse leaves much to be desired. It is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that the very first line of the drama should be short by a foot; and, though this may possibly be intentional, as the line is broken up between two interlocutors, the scansion is unsatisfactory in one or two other places where it can only be supposed that the poet's ear was at fault. Mr. Yeats, again, is far too fond of double endings, which occur on one page in six lines out of eight, and which in such excess produce a prosaic, or at any rate unmelodious effect. In conjunction, as below, with the apparent license of a tribrach—and such tribrach!—in the second foot, so that "The rounding and ripening of his pears and apples" is offered to us as a ten-syllable iambic, the measure gets as near to actual pedestrianism as that hero of Irish anecdote whose legs came through the bottom of the sedan chair, and who, "but for the dignity of the thing, might as well have walked." I do not say that this mischance often befalls Mr. Yeats's verse, but it sometimes does, and with a little more care on his part there is no reason why it ever should.

To pass to the more pleasant part of the critic's duty, let me now say that no instance of such successful treatment of supernatural legend in poetic or dramatic form has come in my way for a long time past. It is quite a delight after a long period of enforced incredulity to meet with extra-human creatures—supernal or infernal, "divine or mortal or mixed," as the chained and vulture-mangled Prometheus puts it, with more of classificatory precision than one would expect from a Titan in so painful a plight—in whom you can unreservedly believe. Spirit of health or goblin damned, it matters not. Airs from heaven or blasts from hell equally thankfully received, so long as warranted genuine. But a demon at whom you do not and cannot shudder; a fairy who does not "take"; a witch who hath no "power to charm"; a bogle who seems to be only playing at it; a kelpie who cannot convince you that he means it—*quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi:* not with Horace's objection to the presentation of any preter-human marvels on the scene, however well they are "put on," but simply because the putting on is not well. There has not been one poet in a hundred who *could* put them on well since the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* retired to Stratford-on-Avon; and Mr. Yeats, who has performed this feat, is one of a very select company indeed. His "two demons

disguised as merchants," who go about buying souls during the famine, are as weird and uncanny as need be. His "wood things" and "water folk" are delightfully real; his "sheogues" and "sowlths" and "tevishes" behave exactly as we should expect a sheogue, a sowlth, or a tevish who meant business to behave. The description of the innumerable little water folk called up for land duty by the demons, and how "like a surf of light" they "pour eddying through the pathways of the oaks," is in particular imbued with the true spirit of fantastic realism. And the working out of the entire drama—slight and short as with its five scenes it is, is managed throughout with just that informing touch of poetic imagination for the lack of which so many would-be fantasies slide down into the bathos of mere prosaic impossibilities.

The Love Songs of Robert Burns. (Fisher Unwin.)

If anybody could write a good love-song, one might suppose it would be an Irishman; and if anybody couldn't, one might imagine it to be a Scotchman. Yet Burns ranks—and with justice—among the great love lyrists of the world; and though we have no right to demand an "all-round" Burns from any nation, yet to find an Irish competitor of the Scotch poet in this single order of poetry, at any rate, might have seemed no very extravagant expectation. Anyhow it is not realised on a comparison of the other two new additions to Messrs. Fisher Unwin's Cameo Series—the *Love Songs of Robert Burns*, selected by Sir George Douglas, and the volume of *Irish Love Songs*, for which Miss Katherine Tynan has performed the same editorial office. In the former we get all the best of Burns, including both of the two versions of "Ye Banks and Braes," for preferring the revised form of which Mr. William Watson has been so generally and justly reproved. We get "Green grow the rushes" and "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and the "John Anderson" that song, and recital, and quotation have tried so hard to hackney and cannot, and "The bonnie lad that's far awa'," and a host of others. Every mood of love is here—its hopes and fears, its chills and ardours, its longings and regrets. Miss Tynan's song-book contains nearly as many numbers as Sir George Douglas's; and, not to speak of translations from the Irish—some of which, by Sir Samuel Ferguson, are among the best things in the volume—there is a goodly representation of Irish poets, from Mangan and Davis to Allingham and Mr. Yeats. And it is very nice and sweet, and tender, and charming, and romantic, and—you feel that you would give the whole of it for one restful sigh of recovered happiness, like "Laddie, lie near me," or one such burst of rapture as "My love's like the red, red rose."

Irish Love Songs. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lady Lindsay's *A String of Beads.* (T. & C. Black.)

Perfect children's poetry is not much more common than perfect love poetry, and it is small reproach to Lady Lindsay to say that in *A String of Beads* she too often misses that note which even Mr. Stevenson himself, in his *Child's Garden of Verses*, did not always succeed in hitting. There are two good kinds of children's poem—that which is frankly childish (a very different thing from puerile) and that which pleases the child while carrying an under-current of meaning and pleasure for the adult—the method, in fact, of which, in its prose application, the author of *Alice in Wonderland* is the acknowledged master. They are both difficult—for opposite reasons; the former ever skirting the Scylla of overdone simplicity, the latter no less constantly dodging the Charybdis of overwrought significance. Lady Lindsay seems to succeed best in the former, and many of the less ambitious numbers in the volume are pretty. In the other kind she is too often over the heads of her readers (which she should remember are seldom more than four feet or so from the ground), and here and there she is guilty of the unpardonable sin of the didactic. A child who could appreciate such a sentiment as "Sometimes life seems very long, In it I can do Much right and great wrong," is already a case for the family doctor, and probably for a month at the seaside.

Lady Lindsay's *A Tangled Web.* (T.&C. Black.)

In *A Tangled Web*, which issues coincidently with the above little volume of poems from the same publishing house, Lady Lindsay has made a new essay in a department of literature in which she has already acquitted herself with credit, and again proves her ability to entertain us with a pleasant, unpretentious, and eminently readable novel.

Mr. Barry Pain's *Playthings and Parodies.* (Cassell.)

Of Mr. Barry Pain's *Playthings and Parodies*, I must confess to liking the Parodies best. In fact, I cannot play with some of the playthings at all; they strike me as "mechanical toys"—a kind of appliance which, as soon as its machinery gets much beyond the artless science of the clock-work mouse, all healthy-minded children detest. This I find to be the case with the "Home Pets"—under which you note such sub-headings as "Piano Tuners," "Dukes," "Watches," and, if you are experienced, recognise the signs that the horse-collar is about to be uplifted, and will soon frame for you the archly smiling countenance of the New Humour. Fogey that you are, you hastily retrace your steps to the Parodies, which are very anciently accepted forms of the Old Humour, and there, happily, you find what will content you. The parody of Ibsen is a little easy; the difficulty, indeed, is *not* to parody Ibsen in the ordinary bald, disjointed chat of daily life. Whenever the conversation of an average drawing-room becomes more than usually flat, you

approach Ibsen; flatten it a little more, and you have him. Mr. Pain's travesty of *Ghosts*, therefore, though not unamusing, is not remarkable; but the parody of Mr. Ruskin is both funny and clever, and the skit on Marius the Epicurean is not only capitally written, but shows so true a sense of humour that one is amazed to find it in company with such stuff as "Home Pets."

Amélie Rives's *Barbara Dering*. (Chatto and Windus.)

It would be unjust to describe Mrs. Chanler's last novel as morbid. *Barbara Dering* is indeed a story of late nineteenth century life, introducing us to a variety of moral and spiritual agonisings which one may, if one pleases, regard as among the ailments of a neurotic and neuralgic civilisation; but it is only fair to say that the Healthy triumphs in the end. It is, briefly, a story of two marriages, in one of which the wife's quarrel with her husband is, in effect, that his love has too much earthly ardour and too little spirituality, while in the other the grievance is that of a woman of passionate nature wedded to a cold-blooded man, who holds Tolstoian views (revised version) on marriage. The author, possibly to avoid suggesting to the light-minded reader that the "fearless old fashion" of an exchange of partners would be the simplest solution of the difficulty, takes the precaution of making Barbara Dering, the former of the two wives, a woman of a rich nature, complete at all points, and Bransby, the latter of the two husbands, a detestable little Puritan and prig. Nevertheless, Barbara (undesignedly) inspires him with sufficient warmth to impel him to attempt to kiss her, in which adventure he is detected by his wife, who thus attains her much-desired right to keep him in his place for ever afterwards. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dering, whose case is further complicated by the fact that she is the widow of a still-loved husband (who *had* the requisite touch of spirituality), succeeds in spiritualising her second spouse up—or down—to the proper level: and all ends happily. The book is written in Mrs. Chanler's well-known strain of passionate, and at times somewhat spasmodic, eloquence; but the story is well told. And the heart-searchings of all the parties are true to human experience, being, indeed, as old as the institution of marriage itself. The wonder and the melancholy of the book lie in its intense and continuous brooding over questions which an earlier and simpler generation left in so masterly a fashion to settle themselves.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson's *Fairway Island*. (Cassell.)

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is a very versatile writer, who will turn you out with equal readiness a volume of humorous fiction, a treatise on that game of which he discourses as an acknowledged authority, or a romance

of adventure. In *Fairway Island* he has given us a specimen of his work in the latter kind, which is not, let me frankly say, that kind in which his present critic likes him best, or perhaps is best qualified to do adequate justice to his merits. The style in which he recounts the adventures of his characters on the island aims apparently at a species of Homeric simplicity, sentence after sentence beginning with an "And" or a "But," as thus: "And in the middle of the room he met a sailor with cutlass uplifted"—"And he made no long business with the man, but," &c. And so forth. But for some reason or other, perhaps because Mr. Hutchinson is not Homer, the style seems to me to fail of its desired effect. Nevertheless, that there is abundance of adventure in the book, such chapter-headings as "How the Wise Woman went down the Devil's Chimney" and "How they hung the Squire from the Cliff Head"—titles not ill adapted to the provocation of a gentle curiosity—will serve to show.

The Great Educators: *Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools.* (Heinemann.)

The third contribution to the "Great Educators" series consists of a monograph on *Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools*, by Mr. Andrew Fleming West. It is a thorough and most painstaking piece of work, in which the direct teaching and indirect influence of the Northumbrian scholar, and his services as a restorer of learning under Charles the Great, are discussed with ample knowledge and insight, and in a style more attractive than the somewhat arid subject matter promised.

Historic Houses of the United Kingdom. (Cassell.)

In *Historic Houses of the United Kingdom* we have a well-written and finely illustrated account of some four-and-twenty famous English mansions. A captious criticism might take exception to the word "historic" as being hardly applicable to some of these great houses with the same precision and amplitude of meaning as marks its application to such others as Hatfield and Penshurst, or Warwick and Berkeley Castles. But in so far as antiquity, either of structure or site, beauty of architecture, or magnificence of scale can, alone or in conjunction, entitle houses which are associated with no events or personages of the first order of importance in English history to be called "historic," they have all a right to their place in this delightful volume.

H. D. TRAILL.

*** The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*